H 22, 1941

AN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

E DUKE OF WINDSOR TALKS OF WAR AND PEACE — An Interview with Fulton Oursler

BOOTLEG IS BIG BUSINESS AGAIN

Pour GLENMORE *..you get more*

Gentlemen, there's a sight more in a bottle of Glenmore than meets your eye. There's a heritage and character distilled into this fine whiskey that's been favored with the same family management for 69 uninterrupted years. And it's this tradition of quality that makes Glenmore the richest, smoothest Bourbon out of Old Kentucky. If you want more for your whiskey dollar, try Glenmore. Its distinctive flavor and aroma will be sure to please you. And I'll wager you will be mighty pleased with its price, too.

FROM THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

Do you see Little Betty?
No, I see a Woman with a Home of her Own.

Is she Happily Married?
Indeed, yes, her Husband adores Her.

And he Loves her Smile . . . the Sparkling Smile that owes so much to her Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.

Protect your bright smile—always! Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with the daily use of Ipana and Massage.

Q. *What do many youngsters today know about proper dental care that their parents may still have to learn?*

A. They know, for they have learned it in thousands of classrooms, the importance of gum massage to healthy gums and bright teeth.

Q. *Why is gum massage so important?*

A. Because today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise and stimulation they need. Gums tend to become soft, tender . . . and all too often flash that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Just how serious is "pink tooth brush"?*

A. Only one person can answer that--your dentist. In your case it may be serious, and it may not be, but let him decide! He may say merely that your gums need work and exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage"!

Q. *Should you massage your gums even if you haven't got "pink tooth brush"?*

A. Yes, decidedly yes! Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums as well! You'll find that Ipana and massage will go far to help you ward off the threat of "pink tooth brush" . . . to help you have healthier gums, more sparkling teeth!

Ipana Tooth Paste

MARCH 22, 1941

Liberty

VOL. 18, NO. 12

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

CHRISTIANITY VERSUS ATHEISM

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We will all admit that our brand of democracy had its beginning in the humanitarianism associated with Christianity. Here in America this source of good-fellowship has been highly developed.

After the first World War we made extraordinary efforts to reclaim the war-torn nations. Hundreds of millions were spent by our citizens through the Red Cross, governmental agencies, and individual beneficence, and it will indeed be a tragedy if we lose this trend toward better things.

It is indeed a grim inhuman admission, but brutal and conscienceless force is now ruling the world. The idea that good will always prevail is pure sophistry unless it is associated with sufficient intelligence to acquire the force needed to dominate threatening emergencies.

It has been stated on numerous occasions that the British began to prepare five years too late. They began to train for warfare but a short time before they were compelled to face this brutal conflict. And the suffering they have had to endure, the hundreds and thousands of lives they have lost is the penalty for their indifference and neglect.

And we can be blamed for similar mistakes—in fact we are less prepared than they were. Our officials like to blow and bluster, but along comes Secretary of War Stimson who recently told us we had only 650 planes and that our army is no bigger and probably no better than Holland's war machine was.

We have moved nonchalantly along our way, entirely ignoring the necessity for protecting the wealth and the liberties that we have enjoyed for more than a century and a half. We are catching up at a mad pace. Let us hope we will be able to protect ourselves when the time comes. But do not place too much credence in the laudatory statements of the commentators on the screen when airplanes, tanks, and other military equipment is presented in brilliant array.

Now, the followers of Christian teachings are open to the same criticism in the same degree as the officials of England and our own country. They do not seem to realize in any way that this war is a threat to Christianity. They have made little or no effort to develop a race of strong fighting men to meet this direful emergency.

Throughout my entire history as a health enthusiast I have deplored the neglect of health building by people everywhere, and I have damned the prudish conception of the body as an evil which religious people should discard.

Hitler hates anything associated with the Christian religion. The power of Mussolini is probably on the wane, and although his nation is deep in the faith of Catholicism, he is ostracizing the Jews and his sympathies seem to be with the governmental system maintained by Hitler.

Christianity is at the crossroads. Almighty God cannot make mistakes; the natural law for which He is responsible continues with grim merciless tenacity.

The period of this generation is perhaps little more than a drop in the bucket in time's great arena. That grim law, "the fittest survive," is relentless, it cannot be changed.

To be good is desirable, but a sympathetic and winning smile would hardly subjugate a roaring lion. And the brute force that is now backed by the intelligence of modern science can only be destroyed by similar powers in greater proportions.

Our government is now doing everything possible to remedy past errors. But Christianity, which we find in Protestantism, Catholicism, and all the various isms based on Biblical teachings, should begin at once to train men and women to meet the critical emergencies that may not be so far away.

All respect has been lost for human lives. In war-torn Europe people are being slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands with seeming nonchalance. Lawlessness, arrogant, vicious, brutal beyond all conception, must be met and destroyed.

We should be prepared to face these unspeakable horrors. A radio commentator recently said where our enemies have one plane we will have ten; where they have one ship we will have ten. Where will we get them?

Even if we could surpass their ships and planes tenfold, many years would be required to organize such a huge output. Even unthinking audiences will not swallow such nonsense.

Bernarr Macfadden

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IT DOES NOT PAY to take unnecessary travel risks, when Rail-Pullman offers you the safest fast transportation in the world! . . . It does not pay to trust your safety to the whims of the Weather Man.

Day-and-night, winter-and-summer, Rail-Pullman speeds Mr., Mrs. and Young America on their way—comfortably, safely!

Snow, fog, ice and storm don't worry you if you hold a Pullman ticket! All they change is the scenery out your Pullman window.

So go the safest way! The way that provides you with more comfort, more security and conveniences than any other form of travel. The way that provides you with so much more for your travel dollar.

So, go Pullman next time and get there feeling fit. And get home safely!

GET THERE looking your best! Pullman giv you everything you need to make a cor fortable toilet. Hot water galore, plenty mirrors, towels, light. Women's dressi rooms have chairs and a dressing shelf.

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SAFETY *many-times-greater than any other form of transportation. On Rail-Pullman you're protected by the country's greatest safety system.*

DEPENDABILITY *and convenience unmatched! Fast, frequent schedules. . . . Hundreds of Pullman trains serve America every day regardless of the weather.*

SLEEP, *undressed, in a real bed—just as at home. Feel refreshed next day!*

"HOME-LIKE" COMFORTS. *Completely-equipped, attractive dressing rooms. Principal trains carry club cars.*

SERVICE—*courteous, efficient, hospitable.*

PRIVACY—*no unwelcome intrusions. Your accommodation is yours and yours alone.*

ROOMINESS—*room to "stretch out". Room to move about. Ample space for personal luggage, at no extra charge.*

Travel on new Credit Plan. Ask your ticket agent about it. Pullman service also available over certain routes in Canada and Mexico.

TRAVEL "1ST CLASS"...That means Go *Pullman*

There's One Waiting FOR YOU!

Apply now for the world's finest aviation training, at U. S. Army Flying Cadet pay

One of those basic training planes, lined up on the runway at the "West Point of the Air," is waiting for *you* to take the controls.

Thousands of young men, ambitious for a career in the great, new field of aviation, will see a challenge in this picture — and an opportunity.

The U. S. Army offers you the world's best aviation training, and pays you while you learn. The instruction prepares you for a civilian or military air career.

As a Flying Cadet you will receive $75 a month, plus your uniforms, equipment, board and lodging. Upon graduation, you will be commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Reserve, and placed on active duty with the Regular Army Air Corps with pay ranging from $205.50 to $245.50 per month.

The requirements are simple. You must be not less than 20 and not more than 26 years of age, unmarried, sound physically. You must have completed two years of college, or pass a written examination covering equivalent work.

Because America needs trained pilots, you have the chance of a lifetime to build your career in the air. Apply today!

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area.....Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area, Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area.....Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area.....Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area
Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area.....Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area.....Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area
Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area
Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to: Enlistment Division E-2, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

WHAT IS YOUR FIRE INSURANCE POLICY WORTH?

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—I write to inquire if reprints of the exceptionally fine insurance article by George E. Sokolsky entitled What Is Your Fire Insurance Policy Worth? (January 25 Liberty) are available and the cost of the same in lots of 500 and 1,000.—*H. Drew Lapp of New England Mutual Life Insurance Company.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I never before realized what Pope really meant when he said: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I do not believe Mr. Sokolsky intended to make a vicious attack on the fire-insurance companies, but his article was just that. It leaves the reader with the impression that the fire-insurance business is a racket, and that the insurance companies and the courts are deep-dyed villains who work hand in hand, and that the policyholder had better beware.

I fear Mr. Sokolsky's preparation of his article was hasty and that he did not go far into his examination of facts, and especially into the experience of the companies over a period of more than two hundred years, which is the basis of the fire-insurance contract as it exists today.—*W. W. Zieg, Adjuster of Fire Losses.*

WICHITA, KAN.—In all fairness to fire-insurance agents in general, to yourself, and to your readers, I believe you should pick an authority on fire insurance and have him write an article which will clarify the one written by Mr. Sokolsky.—*Riley J. Sullivan, North End Insurance Agency.*

[We are indebted to the following for their advice and criticism of this fire-insurance article: Shirley Nebeker, Salt Lake City, Utah; Lee E. Sparleder, Oakland, Calif.; Adam Lehr, Lakewood, Ohio; John J. Rogers, Stoughton, Mass.; T. V. Laird, Pittsburgh, Pa.; D. H. Goldsmith, Cleveland, Ohio; Paul F. Heusser, Kansas City, Kan.; J. C. Griswold, San Antonio, Tex.; Edward S. Carroll, Newark, N. J.; Peter E. Schmidt, Milwaukee, Wis.; L. L. Reedy, Wilson, N. C.; Robert T. Hoffman, Jr., Washington, D. C.; Frank Dappa, Chicago, Ill.; Max Sigoloff, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel Goldstein & Son, New York, N. Y.; Henry Gonzalez, San Francisco, Calif.; John Basis, Denver, Colo.; and Gordon H. Kemball, Hartford, Conn.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

A SHIP A DAY—

KODIAK, ALASKA—With our increased program of national defense I think we need a saying to go with it. I suggest: "A ship a day keeps Hitler away."—*David C. Yeager, Naval Air Station.*

SNAKY DOIN'S

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I am an old hunter and trapper and spend most of my life in the woods and fields. I too have seen snakes climb trees (February 8 Vox Pop).

But I also have known men who saw snakes crawl right up the walls of their tents and cavort like kittens.

Of course, it all depends on the brand of liquor; the worse the liquor, the bigger the snakes and the better they climb.—*Jake Kerry.*

A HAPPY EX-FOLLIES GIRL

HASTINGS, MICH.—I'm sick to death of reading all the slush that is printed about the poor downtrodden and forgotten ex-Follies gals. Why in the name of all that is fair don't you ever print something of the many who are quite happy and living normal, healthy lives, with families of their own, or businesses which are doing well?

I happen to have graduated from Mr. Ziegfeld's ranks and am still very much amongst those living, and although no longer as beautiful as in 1919, I am certainly living a very normal married life with a pretty grand husband, a home of my own, no dreadful tragedies lurking in hidden corners to scare me into sudden panic.

I was in Miss 1917 at the Century Theater, and then went into the Frolic, where I remained until I quit in 1919 to go to Cuba to dance at the Casino. In the Frolic I dressed with Jessie Reed, Dorothy Leeds, Mary Hay, and Marie Wallace. In the show were Marion Davies, Peggy Hopkins, Yvonne Shelton, Fanny Brice, Betty Browne, and a score of others whom I will name if you wish.

Are they all so alone, forgotten, and such dismal failures?

I knew Jessie very well, and knowing her so well I knew all her idiosyncrasies. She certainly would have been the first to resent all the trash that has been published about her since she passed away.—*Dorothy Klewer Hunt.*

(*Continued on page 8*)

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Davis

The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, there comes a time in every man's life when...

The Lawyer: How was I, sweetie?

His Daughter: Very logical, Dad. But where's that old fire—you know, that old zip, zest and zowie? You need more *pep appeal!* I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins.

Daughter: There, my learned Mr. Counsel for the Defense, is your first lesson in getting your vitamins. A dee-licious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant, and thus more needed, in ordinary diets.

The Lawyer: Hold on a minute! With all that vitamin talk, why didn't you tell me it tastes good too? Why this is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted!

The Lawyer: Gentlemen of the Jury, now that counsel for the defense has discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, before long things are going to be different around here.

Daughter: Well, where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's* Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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DO YOU
Bathe Internally?

Thousands of enlightened Americans do take Internal Baths and attribute their vigor and eagerness for the duties of the day to this simple water way of ridding the system of delayed waste.

They realize that nobody is really clean whose bowel is a receptacle for a foul and putrefying mass of "delayed" material. As long as waste is allowed to linger in the colon we will be frequent victims of that half-sick, half-alive feeling. Certainly, there can be small expectation of efficiency, vitality and that feeling of well-being if one is afflicted with constipation.

It would be folly to disregard what proper living would do in the development of normal intestinal action. But until right living is universal, other means must be found to stimulate the fecal stream. It is unnecessary to make the intestinal tract a slave to harmful or horrible-tasting laxatives or cathartics in order to cleanse thoroughly the large intestine.

What is more sensible than to use nature's greatest cleansing agent—pure warm water—to wash away delayed waste? No loss of time, uncertainty of action or social embarrassment follows the Internal Bath. You achieve immediate results. Non-habit forming, its use tends to restore the rhythmic action of normal elimination.

Do not confuse an Internal Bath with the enema. They are no more alike than a kite and an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

Investigate the merits of Internal Bathing through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade. You may find its drugless relief a godsend. It's all explained in an authoritative 24-page booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This helpful booklet is free. You may have a copy by filling in coupon below NOW.

----TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE----

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC.
152 West 65th Street, Dept. L.3-22
New York, N. Y.

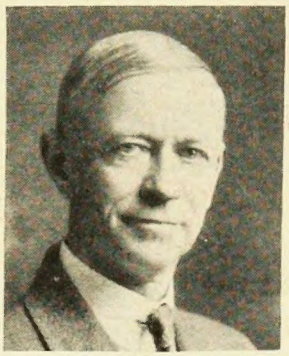
Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally".

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

A Doctor's Opinion of INTERNAL BATHING



"I have been a user and prescriber of the J.B.L. Cascade for about twenty-eight years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the *maintenance and preserving of good health.*"

A. L. DANIEL, M. D.,
518 Altman Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

* * * *

I want to tell you how I am getting along with the J.B.L. Cascade. As you know, I have been using it for only three weeks, but already my eyes have a brighter luster, my step is surer and springier, my sleep is better, my appetite is better and everything that I eat digests finely. I am less bloated.

MR. JAMES E. BATTENFIELD,
610 So. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * * *

I would like to thank you kindly for your letter of Dec. 7th and the interest which you showed in my case.

I have used the Cascade for a little over a month now and feel like a different person. My husband has also received great benefit from it. I do regret that I did not hear of the Cascade many years ago.

MRS. OLIVER ROYLANCE,
R.F.D. No. 1, Waterford, New York.

* * * *

We are pleased with our J.B.L. Cascade and use it every time we feel the need. Certainly don't believe a home is complete without one.

MR. L. GEBHARD,
865 Monroe Street, Denver, Colo.

* * * *

"There is no doubt I am securing a great deal of benefit from the Cascade treatment, for I am for once sleeping the night through. Also eating a good meal and really enjoying it. Too much cannot be said of the real benefit I am receiving from the use of your Internal Baths."

CHARLES C. RIDER,
Box 842, Lindsay, Calif.

* * * *

I would not take ten times the price for it. Don't see how I ever got along without a J.B.L. Cascade. My health is much better and still improving. I was terribly constipated, nervous, bloated, etc. I can truthfully say that the Cascade has helped me from the very first. I thoroughly enjoy it now and am enjoying my meals—everything tastes so good.

MRS. ROY BROWN,
c/o A. Fiske, 3929 Bronson Blvd.,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

* * * *

I have had my Cascade for nine months and I certainly wouldn't do without it for any price. I was troubled with constipation for five years and didn't get much relief until I got your Cascade. I cannot praise your Cascade too much for what it has done for me.

NORMAN ANDERSON,
Route 3, Box 68, Wakefield, Nebr.

The above testimonials are only a few of the many that we have received from thousands of J. B. L. Cascade users—men and women of all ages, all walks of life. Perhaps you, too, might benefit in the same full measure if you suffer from constipation.

WHY SAVE TIN CANS?

COVINGTON, KY.—It may interest A Reader (February 1 Vox Pop) to know that tin cans are made of steel with a thin coating of tin. Also, the cost of recovering the thin coating of tin would exceed by far the value of the small amount of tin so obtained.

Why save tin cans, then? It would not be a very profitable business!—*Blair Seaman.*

SEAGOING TANK SOLD TO JAPAN

CHICAGO, ILL.—Back in the early '20s Walter Christie tried to sell the United States on the idea of seagoing tanks (January 25 Liberty), but wound up with the blueprints being sold to the Japanese government. I was on the tank during the test made by the Japanese officials at the Sun Ship Building and Dry Dock Company at Chester, Pennsylvania.

Walter Christie invented a 75-mm. gun seagoing tank. On this, at a test at Aberdeen, Maryland, we crossed the Potomac to Washington, D. C. Christie's machines could make fifteen miles an hour on tracks, about eight miles an hour in water, and thirty-five miles an hour on land without tracks.—*Rad Sayman.*

P. S. Christie also invented the front wheel drive fire engine.

COLLAPSIBLE UMBRELLA

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Arthur Brisbane once wrote that there was a great future in store for the man who would invent a collapsible umbrella. A man in this part of the world has invented and patented such an umbrella. When he pulls it out of his coat pocket and opens it in one movement, you are about as

much surprised as when a man pulls a rabbit out of his hat; but the inventor hasn't found a man to back his umbrella. I wonder why.—*John Van Nuland.*

LONGEST STREET CONTEST

DENVER, COLO.—In February 1 Vox Pop it is stated that there is a street from London to Liverpool, England, that is longer than Broadway from Manhattan to Albany, New York.

Incorrect! Michigan Boulevard from Detroit to Chicago, with a distance of over 300 miles, is the longest street in

the world, as Frank Skidmore said (January 18 Vox Pop).—*Frank H. Murphy.*

NOONTIME PRAYER

SAINT CLOUD, MINN.—Pros and cons of the present conflict have been judiciously given your readers. Turning back the pages of memory to the World War, I am impressed with the fact that at five minutes before midday a bell was rung and the succeeding five minutes were devoted to the bowing of heads and offering of a silent prayer: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Why not propose renewal of the inauguration of this lofty idea to end the present terrifying, distressing, and inhuman world situation? Nothing can be done without God's help—a help we all so sorely need.—*Madelaine Cook.*

FIRST AIR-MAIL SERVICE

NORRISTOWN, PA.—Merely to keep the record straight, it will be necessary to correct Swanee Taylor's Aviation Quiz (January 18 Liberty) in answer to question No. 32 stating that the first regular air-mail service started in 1919, from New York to Chicago, via Cleveland.

The truth is that the route from Washington, via Philadelphia to New York, and return, on May 15, 1918, marks the establishment of the first air-mail route in the United States. As a matter of fact, an even earlier route than 1919 given by Mr. Taylor was inaugurated from Chicago to New York, via Cleveland, on September 9, 1918.—*Mal Ganser, Member American Airmail Society No. 12.*

BULLARD'S MILITARY ANALYSES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Never miss a copy of Liberty for the prime reason that I am always hoping to find in it an article by General Robert Lee Bullard. My reason for this is that I regard General Bullard as the prime military authority, both nationally and internationally, on pure military analysis, because of his great accomplishment under actual combat conditions in command of the 2d U. S. Army A. E. F., World War I, which took the brunt of the fighting. His military analyses are so profound and comprehensive that they fit the situation not merely for overnight use but lastingly.—*Roger Howard Williams, World War General Staff Officer, and Former Chairman Permanent Fiscal Commission, Republic of Bolivia.*

MAKE HARDTACK STAY PUT!

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—I take Liberty for Hardtack, but now he's jumping all over the magazine and it's difficult to spot him. Can't you keep him in one place—up in front with Vox Pop or in back with Mr. Oursler?—*A. A. Folin.*

"I do my altitude work with an Elgin De Luxe"

says Arlene. "It's grand for cross-country flying, too—beautiful and easy to trust. Elgins have been a tradition in our family for four generations."

LICENSED to fly all land and sea planes up to the giant ocean clippers! Arlene Davis is an All-American success. She placed fifth in the Bendix, plays championship golf, has studied ballet.

Her watch? It's a new Elgin De Luxe, chosen for unusual smartness and accuracy.

Leading American designers working with Elgin's fourth-generation craftsmen have achieved these masterpieces. Each Elgin De Luxe is finely adjusted and equipped with the Elginium hairspring* and Beryl-X balance. Both are rustproof, non-magnetic.

Thoroughly American! Unlike many other watches, Elgins are not foreign made, or assembled from foreign parts. All parts are designed and created in the Elgin factory. Elgin produces the world's largest-selling fine watches made in America!

No Elgin De Luxe has fewer than 17 jewels . . . all cases are gold or gold-filled. Priced from $35.00. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Patents Nos. 1,974,695 and 2,072,489

Graceful design. 10K natural gold-filled. 17 jewels. No. 5005A. $37.50

Sturdy, masculine. 10K rosé gold-filled. 17 jewels. No. 5505E. $42.50

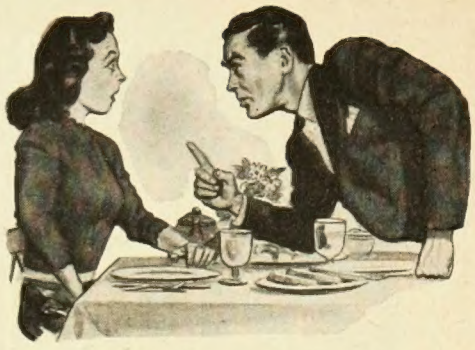
ELGIN DE LUXE

17 JEWELS

Worthy companions to the distinguished 21-jewel Lord Elgins and 19-jewel Lady Elgins.

The Boss is a different man

since we changed to silence!

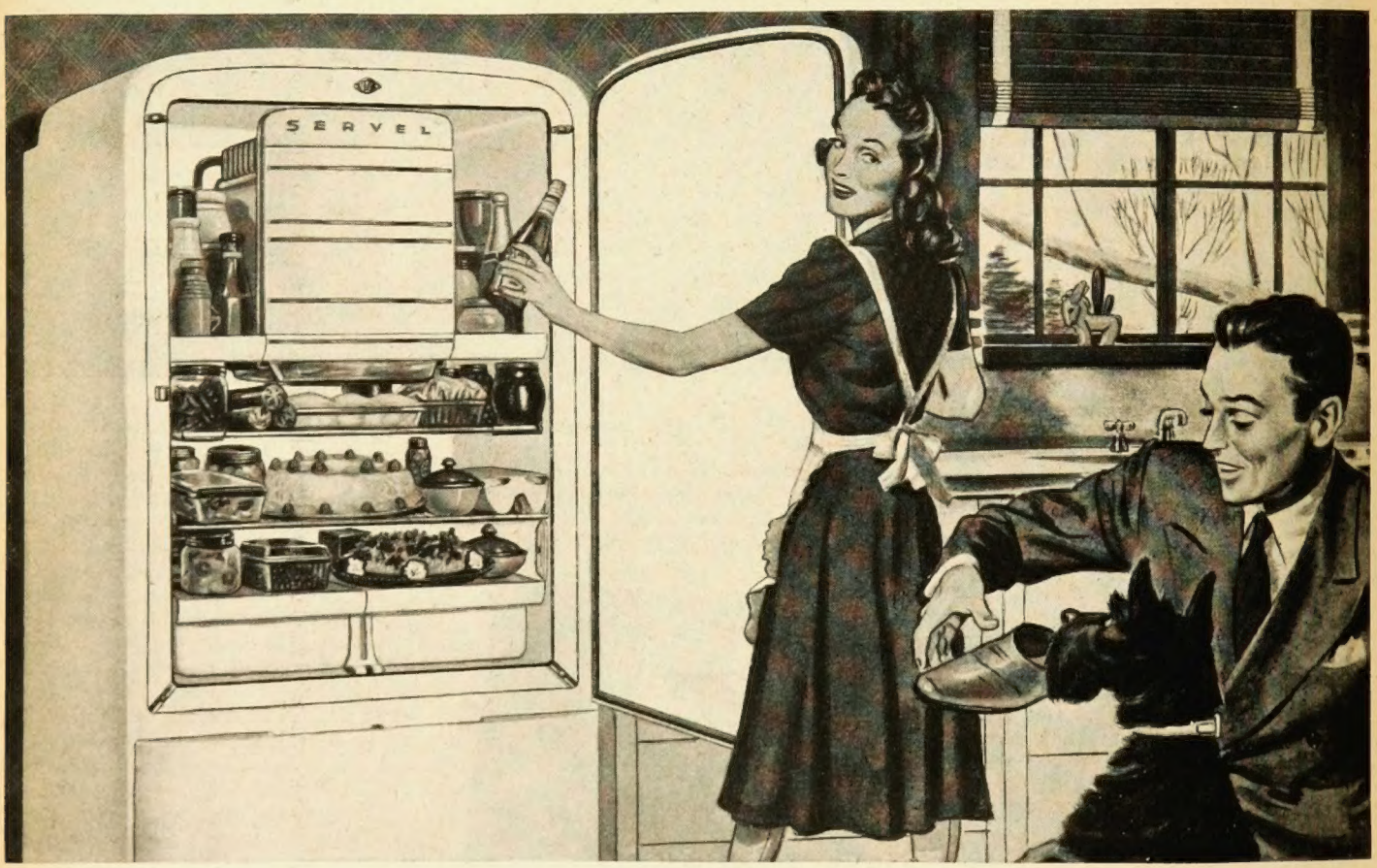


1 **"No!" bellowed the Boss,** when his wife suggested a new refrigerator. "Can't afford it in the first place. Besides—"

"Can't afford *not* to have it," broke in his wife. "Our noisy old thing's not only hard on the nerves, but the repair bills are ruining our budget. But I know one that's different. Come and see!"

2 **"Not a sound . . . and lasts longer,"** explained the salesman. "Servel Electrolux simply can't cause a rumpus or wear. It hasn't a single moving part in its freezing system. A tiny gas flame does the work. And that's *all!*"

"Well, I'll be doggoned," says the Boss. "Mister, you've got *something* here!"



3 **Yes! People who've had experience** with other makes of automatic refrigerators are quick to note that Servel has all those big operating advantages they want *most*...has all the latest worthwhile conveniences, too. Survey after survey shows that, among owners of other-type refrigerators, the swing is to Servel Electrolux for their *next* automatic.

4 **"Silence means savings," smiles the Boss,** pleased as punch with our new Servel. "Have you noticed, honey," he says to his wife, "it's costing just a few cents a day for refrigeration since we changed to Servel?" "You bet I have," she grins, "and I've noticed too, my pet, that you're a different man since we changed. Eh, Scottie?"

If you look at one refrigerator, look at Servel—If you look at more than one, look at Servel to see the difference

Stays silent...lasts longer

SERVEL

ELECTROLUX

Gas

REFRIGERATOR

It freezes with NO MOVING PARTS!

For farm and country homes—models run on BOTTLED GAS—TANK GAS—KEROSENE

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind., or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King Street W., Toronto, Ont.

IN HIS OWN Image

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

BY ELI COLTER

THIS night Nita and I went to Luigi's. Luigi wanted to know where we'd been lately. I told him I'd been working on a new book.

Luigi said to Nita, "Why don't you make him take time off?"

Nita shrugged. "He do what he like. Make us a whisky sours and don' ask so many question."

Luigi spread his hands, scowling in mock indignation. I grinned at him and followed Nita to a two-place table. Nita took off her coat and we sat down and Luigi brought the drinks. We talked and watched the men along the bar and almost finished our whisky sours before the kid came in.

Not that he's really a kid. You wouldn't catch a minor in Luigi's place. I'd seen him several times and was curious.

He had an absolutely expressionless face. His eyes were as blank as a stone wall, and about the same color. Only harder. Lean. Tough. Looked about sixteen, till you looked the second time. Then you knew he was at least thirty-five. He never spoke to any one but Luigi. Never talked. Just came into Luigi's and drank.

Nita looked at him as he sat down. She said to me out of the corner of her mouth, "Why don't you putting thees keed into a book, eh?"

He had ears like a fox. He heard her. He turned those cold dead eyes on her, then on me. I never saw such dead eyes in anything but a corpse. Or a fish. Then he deliberately picked up his glass and came over, pulled a chair from the next table, and sat down at ours.

He said, "Do you write books, or was that a crack?"

I said, "It was a crack, but I do."

Nita said, "What's your name?"

He said, "I don't know."

She thought he was trying to be flip. He wasn't. He said, "What's your name?"

"Juanita."

He threw back his head, and out of that expressionless face came a voice like moonlight on velvet:

"Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring
falls the southern moon . . ."

Luigi turned and stared with his mouth open. Luigi said, "Shut up."

I said, "Never mind Luigi. Go on and finish it."

He shook his head. "I never finished anything—except myself. I killed a man and they acquitted me."

Nita said, "Maybe he was needing to be keel'."

He shook his head again. "No, he didn't. He just took my wife. That's why they acquitted me. I wish I hadn't killed him. He wasn't a bad guy."

I said, "Why don't you forget it?"

He just sat and looked at me. Finally he said, "Are you dumb?"

I said, "You can forget anything, if you don't try too hard."

He said, "Smart, eh?"

I emptied my glass. "No. Curious. About people. Sorry for people—"

He said, "Are you sorry for me? I'm not. I'm sorry for her. My wife. She loved that guy."

I thought I had it then. It didn't make me feel hilarious. I said, "She could have been happy?"

He nodded. "I wish I hadn't killed him. All I can do is drink."

I said, "And sing."

He shoved back the chair and stood, picking up his glass. He hadn't touched the whisky in it. "I can't sing. I could once. For her. I could do anything for her. Only bring him back. I'd do that if I could."

Luigi said, "Come on back here and stop bothering the customers."

The kid ignored him. "She was crazy about him. Now she's just crazy. They wanted to put her in the bughouse. I wouldn't let them. I take care of her. I wish I hadn't killed him." He suddenly lifted his glass and drained it.

I said, "What do you do for a living?"

Unexpectedly he laughed, without a sound. Then he said, "I don't do anything. I've got money. My father made it. Building bughouses."

Nita said, "What is bughouses?"

I said, "Skip it."

The kid looked at her. "Insane asylums. Well—it was nice seeing you again." I wasn't aware that he'd ever noticed us before. "Don't put me in any book. Dead men are no good in a book unless they're buried." He walked out, leaving his empty glass on our table.

Nita said, "He geev me the creep."

I stared at that glass. I said, "Come on. Let's go home. She could have been happy. Poor devil."

Luigi saw Nita putting on her coat. He said, "That damn fool. Did he scare you away?"

We went over to the bar. I said, "No. Who is he?"

"Just the kid. That's all I know. He don't talk much. His wife usually comes after him."

I said, "His wife!"

Luigi nodded. "Yeah. He's bats. His wife was in love with another guy and he killed him. They acquitted him, but he went nuts. His wife's a swell dame. She was sorry for him when he went screwy. They wanted to put him in the bughouse, but she wouldn't let them. He's harmless. She takes care of him."

I said, "And God created man—but I only write books."

THE END

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The Duke of Windsor talk

AN INTERVIEW WITH FULTON OURSLER

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

I HAD been talking about war and peace with His Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor. Could England hold out, even with American aid? Should the war be allowed to continue until one side or the other was totally defeated? What would be a just basis for a lasting peace? What would a new world order, based on social justice, be like?

These weighty matters we had been debating so that I might give the Duke's views to the ten million and more readers of Liberty.

Now, only a little while after our talk, I sat with my wife and daughter in the Council Hall at Nassau. It was nearing eight o'clock of a mid-summerlike night in the balmy Bahama winter. In a plain second-story room was gathered a crowd that filled rows of chairs in front of a stout dark railing that separated the common people from the governing officials of the Islands. These dignitaries, seven

Left: The Duke opens the session of the Bahama Islands legislature. His Duchess can be seen at the right.

•

Below: One of the sentinels on guard before his official residence.

War and Peace

With startling candor, the man who wouldn't be king reveals his thoughts of Europe's future

white men and one solemn Negro official, sat around a table glumly listening while their secretary droned out the minutes of their previous meeting.

Suddenly from the corridor outside came the sound of footsteps. Every one rose as the Governor of the Bahamas entered and took his seat on a thronelike chair at the far end of the chamber.

As all the world knows, the Governor of the Bahamas is the Duke of Windsor—just as all the world knows that the Duke of Windsor was once King-Emperor of the British Empire. On this winter night, warm and sweet-aired as winter nights can be only in Nassau, he sat on his great chair between two windows—left one broken and both dusty—one of the most interesting figures in contemporary history and, I am inclined to suspect, one of the most significant. He was wearing a white uniform with golden braid and a dress sword—ceremonial clothes which he wore with dapper and soigné assurance. He was uncompromisingly blond and ruddy. His manner was dignified, eyes serious, his face irretrievably young. Near him on the dais stood the Colonial Secretary, stiff-legged from an old war wound, and with him one dignitary in red robe and an interminable curled wig that fell about his shoulders. Behind the man in wig and robe clustered a motley of other provincial officials.

The Duke of Windsor turned to one of the attendants and gave crisp orders. He was to go and tell the legislature, in session elsewhere, that the Governor and the Council waited to receive the lawmakers and to scrutinize their newly passed ordinances.

The emissary having departed, the Duke of Windsor sat down until the visiting legislators should arrive—a stage wait of perhaps ten minutes. For a while the man who had turned over to his brother the world's brightest throne so that he might win the woman he loved sat moodily on this lesser throne. He looked around the walls on which hung vast likenesses of his ancestors. On the canvas to his right, in robes of state, with crown and scepter and in bearded majesty, postured his grandfather, the rakish, the well beloved King Edward VII. The dead King's pomp and splendor seemed strangely out of place in this plain colonial chamber.

But the Duke of Windsor did not seem to see his grandfather nor any other of his royal progenitors. I am not a mind reader but I tried to guess what he was thinking. Were his thoughts still on the grave topics which he had discussed with me less than an hour ago in the drawing room at Government House? Or was he worrying about his beautiful American Duchess, with whom he is still so youthfully and authentically in love—wondering if she were in pain after the operation in a Miami hospital a few days before?

Suddenly he looked over and inclined his head toward my wife, my daughter, and myself. This unconventional greeting over, he went back to looking with a sad patience all around him, the face of one who wished there were some music. Naturally, his public greeting had startled me. It was in most democratic disregard of the austerities of provincial ceremonialism. Only a prince with democracy in his veins and/or an American wife with whom he was in love would act with such courteous and friendly freedom. Some say that freedom is what is wrong with the Duke of Windsor. His most powerful enemies do not like it. A prince with democracy in his veins does not set well in some quarters—so the gossips!

I had never approached an interview with more curiosity than I had my meeting with the Duke of Windsor. I had heard him praised and damned unreasonably. Years ago, as readers of Liberty will well remember, we published a biography of the man who was then Prince of Wales. The author was Frazier Hunt, a friend of the Prince. Our main difficulty with Mr. Hunt was to keep his story objective. He sat at his typewriter in a kind of awesome trance and wrote with too much circumspection. It was from Mr. Hunt that I first learned that maturity of spirit had begun to settle upon the future King. The playfellow young Prince, according to Hunt, was giving way to the man who foresaw his approaching responsibilities: a sobering and maturing prince who was already concerned—democratically concerned—about the welfare of the common people in his realm.

"Too much so," I remember suggesting to the biographer. "Are you sure of what you write? Are you painting a true picture? Is the Prince of Wales really interested in democracy, in a better deal for the workingman?"

"Yes," Hunt asserted; "he really is."

"Then," I persisted, "is he not headed for a lot of trouble? Is he going to try to be a king with a will of his own? England is a country of tradesmen, of factories, of capital and labor. He will raise the wind if he tries to interfere."

When I set out for Nassau I was recalling all this—and how the friends of the Duke of Windsor maintained that his abdication was forced upon him by a false issue. They still say that the King's romance with Wallis Warfield Simpson, lovely lady from my home town of Baltimore, was not the true occasion that led to his putting the scepter aside. No, these partisans argue hot-

ly; that love affair was only a superficial façade behind which raged a basic human struggle—an old economic order trying to beat off the rising of a new order. Edward, King of the underprivileged, was dethroned, so they charge, by the privileged, by the Empire's ruling classes as typified by Premier Baldwin and the medieval Archbishop of Canterbury.

Such were the arguments I had heard from some who continued to love and reverence the former King.

From those who hated him, and from others who hated his wife as much if not more, I had heard hostile stories of incredible bitterness. Never mind the vile jests and cruel canards told of the Duke, tales of a prodigal with no interest beyond the bottle and the boudoir. Infinitely more serious were the stories that—to put them mildly—Windsor and his wife were Nazi sympathizers. Those who spread these stories had told me that the Duchess, while she was still Mrs. Simpson, had mingled in London with a pro-German set, not the Cliveden group or the friends of Lady Astor, but with von Ribbentrop and his cronies. Detractors invariably pointed out that the Duke when he left England had gone to Austria.

I HAD heard many evil stories. In fact, I shall never cease to be astounded at the depths to which fell drawing-room conversation after Edward abdicated. The cruel and vicious propaganda against the Duchess of Windsor had aroused my resentment as a man and an American citizen. Later I took a certain satisfaction in watching the eclipse of Baldwin, their archfoe; Baldwin, who lived to become one of the most unpopular figures in England. Yet the stories persisted. I was told that after the collapse of the French resistance, which ended Windsor's work as major general in charge of liaison between the British and French armies, the problem of what to do with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had greatly agitated Downing Street.

"We can't send them to the Fiji Islands," one eminent Britisher was said to have remarked, "because they won't go."

The idea of sending them to the Bahamas was regarded as an inspiration. That would dispose of them. These little islands off the coast of Florida—not then in the news as probable naval bases for the United States—were highly popular with American tourists. The Duke and Duchess would find the company congenial. They would be near enough to the American mainland to get away once in a while. They would be carefully watched. I was told they were surrounded by enemies in Nassau.

Nor was that all I had been told. I had learned of a dinner in Lisbon when William C. Bullitt, lately the American Ambassador to France, had broken bread once again with the Duke and Duchess.

"When do you start for the Bahamas?" Bullitt asked.

"We sail for our St. Helena tomorrow," Bullitt later quoted the Duchess as saying.

That remark interested me. If the Duchess had said that, how well did she remember French history? While Elba was only a temporary exile, for Napoleon came back to reclaim his empire and held it until Waterloo, St. Helena was for him the final curtain on his amazing career.

I remembered, too, that they sailed from Lisbon on the steamship Excalibur of the American Export Lines—Excalibur, the name of King Arthur's sword that had saved that monarch of England in a dire hour. Anyway, here they were, ruling over a tiny archipelago, a handful of islands, cays, and reefs with an area of less than 5,000 square miles—there had once been more than 13,000,000 square miles under his sovereignty.

Yet he says he is glad to have this job, and I believe him.

My mind played with the fantastic speculations I had heard over tables in the Colony Restaurant, at the St. Regis, and in other of New York's gossip mills where congregate today the jeweled and perfumed illustrious of European refugees. Across teacups and cocktail glasses one hears strange notions voiced in whispers:

"England is going to be knocked out. The struggle of free Britain will be carried on from Canada, with the United States coming into the Empire, and Edward will again be the British monarch and the Duchess his American queen."

That was one story. Another one entirely contradictory but told with the same high assurance:

"Germany will win. Then Hitler will make a very shrewd move. He will say to the English, 'The money masters took away your King. We have not conquered you; we have actually rescued you. We give you back your King.'"

THESE are but samples of the yarns I had heard before I flew from Miami to Nassau. On the morning after my arrival I was having breakfast in the lovely gardens of the British Colonial Hotel when up the harbor came a yacht, white and wonderful as a boy's dream. It hove to and dropped anchor, and a barge put out and sputtered briskly to the boat-club dock at the end of the hotel garden. I stood under a tree and watched as the Duke and Duchess came ashore, home from Miami, home from the hospital, back to New Providence Island. With them was a tall dark young man, aide-de-camp to the Duke, Captain Vyvyan Drury.

Less than an hour later the telephone rang. Captain Drury would be glad to see me at Government House. As I started to walk up the long hill, I made up my mind to stipulate with Captain Drury in advance that I should be permitted to ask highly pertinent and personal questions.

There are sentinels at the entrance to the grounds of Government House, but they let me through and I went on up a steep path flanked with flaming hibiscus and poinciana to the lawn before the entrance—a rampart overlooking a long flight of stone steps, a statue of Columbus, and, below the image of the great discoverer, the coiling streets. Beyond was the ecstatic blue of the Caribbean Sea. From a tall flagpole on the lawn flew the flag of the British Empire.

This was Government House, of which I had already heard gossip in Nassau. The criticism had been made that as soon as the American Duchess reached Nassau she had insisted on spending twenty thousand dollars to redecorate the rooms more to her taste. Like most of the stories told about her, this was not true. The old building could stand a hundred thousand dollars' worth of repair, but a frugal government had of its own volition decided on a twenty-thousand-dollar appropriation before the Duke of Windsor had been appointed to this post.

The Windsor their arriv Nassau in

My conductor led me up the wooden staircase to the second floor and into the bleak shadows of a deserted ballroom. Along the walls were ranged baggage of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, impedimenta of the Windsors on their flight from Cannes to Madrid. At the far end there was a platform but no throne chairs. There was a desk but no one behind it. Around the walls were paintings of kings and queens. One place on the wall was vacant; where once had hung a portrait there now hung only a tale. The missing canvas was that of Queen Mary, mother of the Duke of Windsor. A visitor had noticed the picture's disappearance and had spread the story that the first act of Wallis Windsor on taking charge of the Nassau household had been to order the removal of the Queen Mother's picture. What he did not know, or at least what he did not tell, was that she had removed the picture from this barren and dismal hall only to have it hung over the fireplace in the dining room.

Presently Captain Drury entered—a young man, slender, dark, and good-looking. In a very few moments it had been arranged with this dapper, ingratiating, and hospitable aide that the Duke would receive me for an hour of talk at six o'clock that evening.

So at six o'clock that same evening I entered again the grounds of

Government House. The short warm winter day was gone. Night lay over the water and at my feet twinkled the lights of the Nassau streets, filled with ambling, amiable darkies. In the stillness I could hear the guitars

of the natives and the voice of a singer:

"Mama don't want no peas, no rice, no coconut oil."

Darkness, and the flag down. Down? I looked up, startled. Great searchlights were playing on England's flag. By the Duke's order, the flag stays up nowadays and nowanights; for this, he says, is no time to pull down one's banners.

When I reached the front door, two of the three dogs that invariably travel with the Duchess were yipping boisterously in the foyer. I was led into the drawing room, a broad and comfortable salon exquisitely laid out in white tufted satin chintz, with tones of chartreuse and gold in the furnishings, all very spick and span and new, for the decorators had left only the previous night. Over the fireplace was suspended an oil portrait of Wallis Windsor by Gerald Brockhurst. "A portrait," some cynical and unhappy artist once remarked, "is a picture that has something wrong with the mouth." This portrait had nothing wrong with the mouth. It was a vivid study of the mistress of this household, suggesting a throbbing richness of energy, a fullness of life, even in repose. There were two long divans facing each other at either end of the fireplace, and there we sat, Captain Drury and I, until the Duke entered.

The former King-Emperor was wearing a striped sports coat; he came forward with energetic cordiality. He was shorter than I had expected. His swift gesturing hands were most eloquent, but there was power and force in his grip. He is full of escaping vitality; he forever adjusts his collar or his breast-pocket kerchief; he is taken by a dozen nervous and repeated mannerisms; and he has the restless grace of George M. Cohan and Jimmy Walker.

I asked about the health of the Duchess, and he replied that he felt sure she was out of danger. Then he reached over to a small console table and beat a *rat-tat-tat* on the top with his knuckles.

"I always knock on wood," he said, "when I talk of my wife's health."

BRISKLY he began telling me how pleased he was at the friendly reception from the public in Miami. Well aware of the antagonism that had developed against him in the United States, the Duke was naturally gratified at the spontaneous outburst of welcome that came from the enormous Florida crowds. At first the Duke, who tries above all things to be a realist (not always with success), was inclined to regard this popular enthusiasm as evidence of mere human curiosity—it is still true that democratic peoples "dearly love a lord." But after four days of that friendliness everywhere he felt it was genuine. The people had liked him, and liked his wife, and their feeling had greatly heartened him. But was Miami typical of the United States? Could he hope for friendship throughout our country?

I told him no one could hope for that; every one had friends and enemies; but I added that I was certain that millions of Americans all over the United States not only liked him but loved him and that he would find friendship wherever he would go.

"I had a wonderful time in Miami," he confessed, with a bright grin. "It was the first time I had been in the United States in sixteen years and the first time my wife had been there in eight years. Our visit did us a world of good. There is something so stimulating no matter where you go in the United States of America. American vitality—it is a tangible quality. You can feel it in the air. You absorb it.

"Here in Nassau it is very beautiful, the beauty of tranquillity. To go to the United States is like going to the big city. Your blood begins to tingle; you come back, glad to get home, but strengthened and reinvigorated.

"I have always admired this great natural energy of you Americans. Think of a city like Miami—forty new hotels going up this year. What town in history ever had forty new hotels in one year? Where does the money come from? It is a good thing anyway, for everybody profits when there is such a boom."

He told me how, when he had talked with President Roosevelt on the U. S. S. Tuscaloosa a few days before, after an airplane flight over the Caribbean, F. D. R. had talked with him about developing the tourist trade in the Bahamas. The President had said that the United States would be interested in developing the whole of the West Indies in cooperation with Great Britain, and that, from an economic standpoint, an interchange of views and information between the two governments was most desirable.

"Of course," continued the Duke, "American ideas will be very necessary, especially in the building of new hotels and the service. You Americans know more about comfort than any other people on earth. Your hotels are perfectly extraordinary, not only in their appointments but also in the quality of the service. You can get whatever you need, and get it right away, and get it smilingly and efficiently. The hot water is always hot and the food is excellent. To be sure, the wages paid the hotel workers are higher too, and that's something that our people have to learn, because, as I said before, everybody has to profit if a boom is going to be any good."

THE President had asked him about his father's stamp collection, one of the greatest in the world. The Duke had replied that the collection had been placed at the disposal of the Empire; of course it consisted only of British stamps. The President knew that very well. As a fellow philatelist he had often browsed through the collection with King George.

"And then," the Duke added, "the President made an interesting remark. 'Your father,' he said, 'was a sailor king. He had a sailor's heart and a sailor's vocabulary, and when he got on the subject of the Germans he used some good old Anglo-Saxon monosyllables with deep conviction.'

"This made me smile," said the Duke. "I knew my father felt that way. He had violent convictions on the subject."

"They are shared today by many Americans," I observed. "What, in your opinion, can be done to strengthen the friendly ties between the United States and Great Britain?"

"Well," replied the Duke, "I think the ties are already very friendly and that an awfully good job is being done in making them even friendlier. What obstacles do you see toward perfect understanding between the two peoples?"

"I can only repeat," I said, "the

objection raised in many parts of the country. You must have heard the expression that England wants the United States to pull her chestnuts out of the fire."

"Yes, I have heard that, but it isn't true; not in any general sense. We have some Englishmen whom we ourselves deplore, just as you have some Americans of whom you are ashamed."

"Right," I agreed. "I assume that you refer to the kind of Englishman who called us Uncle Shylock."

"Exactly."

And I went on: "I think that a great many Englishmen like that have needlessly affronted the sensibilities of the American people. I refer especially to the late Mr. Chamberlain. When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he appeared in a newsreel and boasted how Great Britain had managed at last to balance her budget. He went on further to say that America might learn a lesson from English superior financial management. On the same newsreel immediately afterward appeared one of our California senators, Hiram Johnson, who said, 'Who couldn't balance their budget if they didn't pay their debts?' What does Your Highness think about that question?"

"England did not repudiate her debts," replied the Duke of Windsor. "She defaulted in payment because she could not pay, as many an honest man in business has been forced to make a settlement with his creditors. It is unfortunate that such a settlement has never been made."

WHAT about new loans?" I asked. "The revision of the Johnson Act, for example?"

"If your country really believes in giving aid to Britain, money is certainly needed," said the Duke.

"Will it ever be repaid?"

"Perhaps it never should be. You may feel that is a strange thing for me to say, but look at it from another point of view. You have a friend. He comes to you to borrow money which he needs desperately—he is out of a job. Say his wife needs an immediate operation; his pocketbook is empty. If you can afford to help him, you want to do so. If you are a wise man, however, and value his friendship, you do not lend him the money. You give it to him. Then he will never dodge around corners when he sees you coming down the street. You may never get your money back, but you preserve his friendship.

"But the debt question and the bad feeling engendered by the stupid people who called you Uncle Shylock are not the only obstacles to friendship between our two countries," resumed the Duke. "One of the most pernicious forms of troublemaking is the talk of some of our insufferable snobs who accept your hospitality and insult you by a fatuous pretense of superiority. They patronize you; they treat you like colonials. They ought never be allowed to leave England. They should be kept at home.

"Such men do not represent the real people of England," the Duke declared. "It is just as blatant for an Englishman to believe that he is superior to the rest of mankind as for Hitler to teach racial superiority. The Englishmen who behave that way are what I call the ignorant upper classes. They are ignorant in spite of their schooling. With all their schooling they never got an education.

"That sort of thing is especially maddening," he added, "when one considers the terrific sympathy and aid America is giving my country in her hour of trial."

"Do you think we are doing enough?" I asked.

"I think you are doing all you are able to do with all the factors counted in," replied the Duke of Windsor, and then suddenly turned interviewer himself. "What do your people think—the leaders of the various parties and schools of thought—about the outcome of the war?"

"Many of them believe Great Britain will win—but not all. In Congressional hearings that are certain to be held soon [this was before the Lease-Lend Bill No. 1776 had been presented to the Congress] you are sure to hear many of these opposing views fully stated. There is a growing belief among many that there is great danger of a stalemate."

"And what do they think would happen if your country were to come in on the British side?" The Duke was prodding me; he had the air of a veteran journalist, one who very well knew his way around.

"Many believe that if the United States goes into the war it will be prolonged for many years."

"How many?"

"Some guess twenty — others fifty."

THE Duke heaved a sigh.

"Is there much sentiment for your going in?"

"Some for it, a great deal against it. The war-wanters are highly articulate and a little hysterical about it all."

"Do you think there is ever such a thing in modern war as victory?"

"Absolute victory, *à l'outrance?*'"

"That's what I mean—to the bitter end."

"I am inclined to doubt it," I answered. "Defeat and victory are not absolute terms of themselves; they are relative. The Germans might say there will always be a Germany as long as one German remains alive."

"And you can't execute the death sentence on 80,000,000 people!"

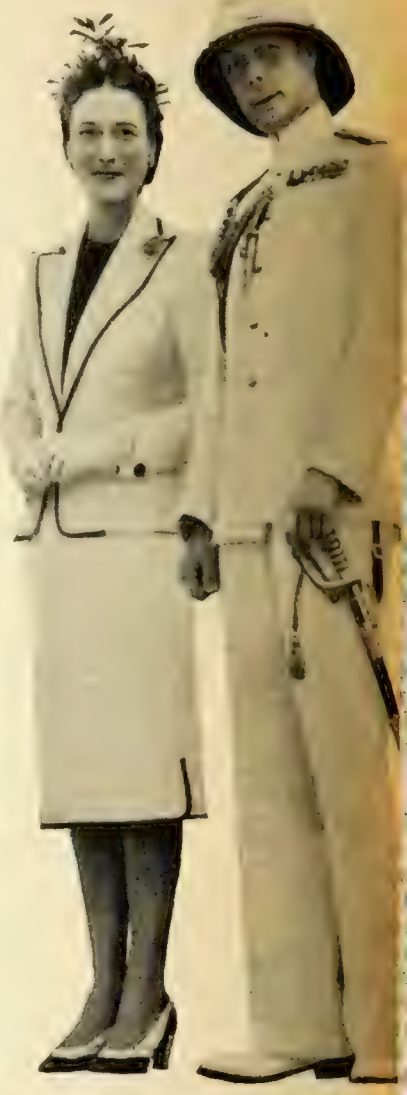
"That, in answer to your question, is what I mean. The German armies, you must regret to admit, never suffered a real reverse in the field in the old war."

"That is right—Germany cracked first on the home front."

"A lot of people are hoping that will happen again."

"But there is too much wishful thinking!" exclaimed the Duke. "We've got to look at facts, not wishes. Have they any facts to go on?"

"Not many," I had to admit, as I tried to recall the arguments of



At a reception in Clifford Park, Nassau, which 16,000 attended.

friends who could be called both optimistic and well informed. There were certain indications, of course, that Hitler was not finding it an easy job to make western Europe jump through his hoop. In Norway there had been recent open clashes between the people and the German troops. Marshal Pétain, at Vichy, had kicked Laval out of office because Laval's unprepossessing visage had been turned too humbly toward der Führer! And there were constant reports of restlessness in Italy following the Italian defeats in Albania and Africa. "But those are small symptoms on which to build hope for the overthrow of Hitler."

"Do you think he will be over-

thrown from within?" asked the Duke, a tone of challenge suddenly hardening his voice. "Do you believe the German people want to get rid of him?"

"No, I do not. I think they have him because they want him, because he is the kind of leader they think they ought to have."

"I agree with that," said the Duke of Windsor. "And since you can't kill 80,000,000 Germans, and since they want Hitler, how can you force them into a revolution they don't want? Then why should we imitate him? I believe there is a large body of opinion in Germany that is opposed to the extreme policies he has pursued. That opinion will have its influence, because Hitler, with all his control of press and radio, cannot deceive his own people into believing the war is finished. They know damn well it is still going on; they have to make the sacrifices for it. Now, Hitler did promise them a quick victory and he did not deliver it, so he can't dodge all the facts; he will be forced to listen to the minority and moderate his policies."

"He doesn't keep his promises—"

"Could he be made to? Could guaranties be exacted by both sides—the kind of guaranties that would ensure performance of any pledges?"

"That would imply the necessity of a powerful neutral mediator?"

"That would be essential."

"And that," I went on, "was one of two strong points made recently in Liberty by former President Herbert Hoover. His article was called Two Great Reasons Why the United States Must Keep Out of the War."

WHAT are the two reasons?" asked the Duke, his face keen and eager.

"One, that we must keep the United States an armed citadel, impregnable to attack, and behind those impregnable walls the arts and crafts and processes of civilization be kept going until the outer madness passes."

"Good! And the other?"

"America is needed as an ameliorating force to counteract the bitter hatreds bound to rise at the peace table."

"Mr. Herbert Hoover saw that part of the problem very clearly," said the Duke thoughtfully. "Have you thought much about the problems of peace?"

"In the last war we began to think about them far in advance of the war's end," I recalled.

"The problems of peace will be infinitely greater than the problems of the war," the Duke said solemnly. "What lies ahead is almost inconceivable—yet we must conceive of it, we must look it in the face, even now, from far off. Think of my country! Great Britain is an empire, depending on world trade. How is she to rehabilitate herself after this most destructive war? How rebuild her sunken merchant marine, her ruined factories, her gutted cities? I believe it is time we looked at these problems boldly. You in the United States of America will have great problems of your own, it is true—unemployment following in the wake of intense production for national defense will certainly give you plenty to think about. But how simple your problems will be compared with ours! At least your factories will have roofs over them. Your machinery will not have been blasted by bombs. The problems of reconstruction after the war will be so colossal that they must stagger the mind of any realistic person. Yet these problems must be met, and the sooner we are able to meet them the better it will be for the whole of civilization."

"Perhaps you are thinking," I remarked, "that the time has come for some one to say to Great Britain and Germany, 'The time has come for you boys to stop fighting and make up.'"

THE Duke of Windsor smiled sadly.

"That sounds a silly way to put it," he commented. "Do many of your leaders feel that such a time has come?"

"Some of them do," I admitted. "Their point of view is very unpopular. They are considered Nazi sympathizers by those on the other side, and they are often called fifth columnists."

"Indeed?"

"The great majority of the people of the United States have implicit confidence in the wisdom and vision and complete Americanism of President Roosevelt. Even when the issues are confusing, they seem to be willing to follow the President, relying completely on his leadership."

"It is not likely that President Roosevelt would ever take such a step as to suggest a peace by conciliation?"

I pondered that one.

"Well," I answered, "I imagine that the President would feel Great Britain would get ten per cent out of such a conciliation—and Germany ninety per cent. He would further expect Great Britain to lose that ten per cent eventually. Our turn would come after that. Of course I do not presume to speak for the President. I am just guessing."

"He is a great man, your President."

"Most of us believe that he is a very great man."

"You do not think that he has any idea of intervening for peace?"

"No. But I must add to that that once, long ago, I heard him say that everything in Washington was on a twenty-four-hour basis and no one that he knew of was gifted with the power to look into the future."

We were standing now, and as the Duke extended his hand his eyes were twinkling merrily. I was remembering so many things that he had said to me, so many things that we had talked about. Once I had referred in our talk to my visit with Mussolini. Now, as he walked with me to the door, the Duke spoke of Il Duce.

"I am sorry I never met Mussolini," he said.

"I am sorry I never met Hitler," I countered.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "I missed the one, you missed the other. They are both interesting men, if only from the angle of human curiosity. But are they the greatest people in the world today? I am inclined to think Churchill and Roosevelt top them all."

"Agree!"

"And you know"—we were at the door, looking out on the soft Bahama twilight with its vast royal palms, its bougainvillaea and hibiscus and its premature moon—"you know, Mr. Oursler, when the war is over, many strange things are going to happen. There will be a new order in Europe, whether it is imposed by Germany or Great Britain. Labor is going to get a more equitable distribution of the world's good things in this new order.

"Many new things will come to pass—and one of the strangest of them will be that America will be no longer called the New World. It will be the Old World and Europe will be the New World."

HE was going to make his exit on that, but I stopped him.

"What are the outstanding things that you believe the new peace must provide?" I asked.

"This time it will have to be as just a settlement as the human spirit can provide. It cannot be another Versailles. Under this new peace the common man will come into his own—at least, more so than ever before in the history of the world. There must be a real League of Nations in spite of the failure of the first League."

"The first League was too blatantly an instrument of British and French foreign policy."

"It need not be so. You Americans will have to come in next time. There will have to be a World League with everybody in it. Whatever happens—whatever the outcome—a new order is going to come into the world. There will be this new League of Nations, but this time it will be buttressed with police power. You cannot enforce the smallest ordinance in a village without a town policeman to see that it is obeyed. How, then, can you expect nations to obey international law unless there is an international navy and an international army?

"When peace comes this time, there is going to be a new order of social justice—don't make any mistake about that—and when that time comes, what is your country going to do with its gold? Good night, Mr. Oursler."

As I walked out on the rampart and looked up, the lights were still on the flag waving over the little island domain.

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SEVERAL of us in the 27th Division have discussed transferring to the Regular Army on a three-year enlistment. We can't seem to find out exactly whether this is possible. How's about it, Sarge?

Private, Camp McClellan, Ala.

Old Sarge answered a similar inquiry from Fort Dix in January 25 Liberty. Since then a new ruling has been made, providing for transfers under certain conditions. Consult Section IV, War Department Circular No. 1, 1941—and your top kick.

Oh, what this emergency has done to the Navy!

1. We can't have cameras in town, although citizens and aliens alike, including Japs, can have. They take pictures nearly anywhere they please.

2. It takes an hour to get to town and another twenty minutes to get to a beach, and liberty is so short the only thing to do is stand in line for a few beers and hurry back to the ship. No time for sightseeing, hardly time for a movie.

3. There's nothing to do except go slowly batty—on top of which my ship won't even allow us to sun-bathe.

4. This place is swell for about 1,000 men, but 75,000 is too many.

Gunner's Mate,
Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Nothing new in this tough problem, sailor. Hawaii has always been a headache because of extremely limited recreations and sadly limited number of wahines.* But it's our most important base and we'll just have to "sweat"* it through.

Can you help us women on this problem? We all have friends or sons in the Army, and during the year there will be holidays, birthdays, etc. We would like to send gifts that are useful and worth-while. How about giving us some ideas?

E. V., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Cameras, books, tobacco, special foods, and candy, etc.; handkerchiefs, toilet articles, sporting equipment, small radios, pocket knives, photographs, any small and useful or amusing gadget.

I was called into active service with the National Guard in late November. I had to leave high school, senior class, and understood I was to have instruction and credits which would let me get my diploma this spring. No lessons so far, and I've heard nothing about arrangements for me and others like me to go back for graduation. Seems tough.

Private, Camp Shelby, Miss.

Some camps have made arrangements for high-school seniors to take final exams and graduate this June. Others have not, as no general order covers situation. In latter case, looks as if the boys will have to take up their studies next fall where they left off last year.

You recently printed and answered a letter about insurance, saying it would cost 67 cents per $1,000 for a soldier twenty-five years old. (February 8 Liberty.) My son has been a member of the Army for three years, and he has insurance but doesn't know much about it. What is the limit he can take out, and will it still be good when he leaves the Army?

C. L. B.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Limit is $10,000. Whether a man is still in the Army or discharged, if he does not convert to another type of policy within five years the insurance lapses. Valuable and cheap protection.

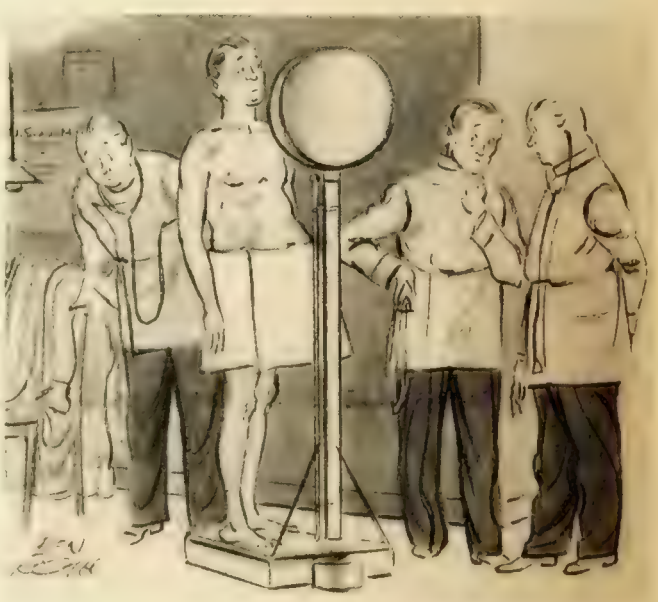
For fifteen years I have been paid good money to serve in the Oregon National Guard. Instructors were sent from the Army to teach us, and as members of a proud division (the 41st) most of us applied ourselves so that if the time ever came we could say to our government, "You have not wasted your time and money."

Then came induction into the federal service and "the blow that killed father." The president of the physical board looked at me and said, "You are overweight due to endocrine dyscrasia, pituitary type." I was told to remain at home until ordered to duty or discharged.

I had an examination at a local hospital at my own expense. The doctors said that the Army medico was taking great liberty to merely look at a person and make such a diagnosis. They gave me all the tests in the book and were amazed at what they found. Armed with their affidavits, and after two months of red tape, I finally got another Army examination at Vancouver Barracks. The officers said my twenty-three pounds overweight was nothing. But I'm still unable to find out whether they gave me an O. K. on this examination.

I'm anxious to serve my country, but it seems almost impossible.

Second Lieutenant,
Eugene, Oregon.



Old Sarge sympathizes. Out of a long experience, he knows that mistakes will happen in the rush and confusion of times like this.

Only suggestion: Keep trying, Lieutenant, and Sarge hopes to salute you and your captain's bars some day.

* "Sweat" is army-navy Hawaiian slang used in just this connotation: to wait and be bored. Wahines, of course, are females—with no disrespectful implication.

"Streamlined smoking!—a basic new design, Colonel!"

• HERE'S THE MOST important cigarette improvement in 25 years — streamlined smoking.

It's Pall Mall — a cigarette deliberately designed for better smoking! Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer than the old-style cigarette. And this additional length is important.

Because it travels the smoke further — the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco — the smoke is definitely milder.

Important, too, is BULKING.

Because this careful Pall Mall process mellows tobaccos as nothing else can.

In BULKING, the traditionally fine Pall Mall tobaccos acquire a new character. The delicate flavors blend together. All harshness is gradually softened.

Pall Mall becomes a noticeably smoother cigarette.

The smoke of these fine tobaccos — enriched by BULKING, traveled and filtered through Pall Mall's greater length — gives you a combination of advantages no other cigarette can offer.

"Streamlined smoking! — a basic new design, Colonel!

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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Nature's Protective Blending protects the Ruffed Grouse

BELOW: If the Ruffed Grouse stayed out in the open like this, they wouldn't last long. The fox, the hawk, the hunter would soon make the species as extinct as the dodo bird.

RIGHT: Nesting on the ground in the brush—the Ruffed Grouse defies detection. Nature's Protective Blending here achieves its highest perfection—almost complete invisibility.

CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING
makes possible the most highly refined Whiskey

STAN: What are you drinking these days, Dan? I don't seem to be able to find a whiskey that...

DAN: I'm way ahead of you—you're looking for a whiskey that *tastes* good. Well, your troubles are nearly over. Here! Try Calvert.

STAN: Hey! You've got something there! Makes a swell highball. How's it in a "Sour"?

DAN: Perfect! My barman at the Club says Calvert tastes better any way you take it. And he ought to know—says he's tried 'em all.

P. S. *Dan's barman knows his whiskey. Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending makes possible the most highly refined whiskey—that's why Calvert tastes better... any way you take it. Just try it and see for yourself.*

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BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.
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The Open Road No Longer

Here's romance! . . . A lusty, colorful story of a vagabond and his love

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

"I love you," Hydar said. The next second she was in his arms.

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HYDAR ISHMAIL was this young Afghan's name, Red Hydar his nickname because of his flaming hair; and he was without kith or kin, owning neither house nor cattle nor even a second coat to his back, and mighty happy in his lack of possessions. They meant the orderly, homespun ways, and he was a lad of the open road, though half the time the open road was to him hidden and wayward, through forests and glens and across streams, large or little, loud-gossiping down the hillsides.

There lay his kingdom—and his subjects the trout in the pools, the rabbits in the bracken, the birds that chirped in the thickets. There he would roam, spending his nights with his cheek to the naked earth, and his days with his face frankly to the sun and rain, and loaf away the coldest months close to some snug village inn fire. He would feed on what he could pick or snare; nor was he above letting his hands stray, at the dark of the moon, in another man's chicken roost or melon patch.

If the farmers caught him at it, they forgave him more often than not. Indeed, when he entered a vil-

lage, they gave him hearty welcome. For there was nowhere his like when it came to telling the old tales, the brave tales. So they would clap him on the shoulder and, as if in payment for whatever small pilfering he had been guilty of most recently, would demand:

"Tell us a grand rowdy story, Red Hydar!"

Then, while an old crone set a haunch of mutton to simmer in a pot with garlic and eggplant, he would step forward—a good-looking lad, if a little on the short side, ruddy of skin and clean-cut of feature—and tell the stirring tales of yesteryear's high daring. And some of the graybeards, as they listened, would recall the days of their youth before peace had come to the hills, when blades had been out in the morning, shining like mirrors, and scarlet those same blades in the evening as they clicked back into scabbards; when, for the sake of revenge or merely of sport, they had gone down into the plains—and then it had been the fine raiding and looting, and torches tossed into thatched roofs and the houses flaring crimson and splendid against the tall black nights. . . .

AH—sighed the graybeards—the golden days of vaunt and venture! The days that would never return! It was pleasant to think of them—perhaps more pleasant, and more safe, than living them again?—and some one would cry:

"Tell us about Shamyl Khan!"

"How he defeated the Russians, the enemies of God—may they be accursed and their children and their children's children!"

"No, no!" a young girl would exclaim. "Enough of strife! Give us a tale of love!"

And Hydar, being not unskilled at verse and music, would rhyme a love song on the spur of the moment and put a lilting tune to it:

"The sword—is it sharpened for the blow?
Is it? Or is it not?
Your hair—is it curled for the touch of my hands?
Is it? Or is it not?
Then why say to me: 'Look not at my fair face'?
My eyes—did Allah create them for seeing?
Did He? Or did He not? . . ."

He would go on, heaping sentiment on extravagant sentiment, meaning them most impersonally, as he might sing about a flower without wishing to pluck it. But there would be more than one maiden and—may Allah forgive them!—more than one married woman who would look at him from beneath lowered lids with eyes speaking as plain as with the speaking of words. Yet, if he understood the message, he gave no sign, since, typically Afghan, he was lawless in most things and not lawless at all where woman or maid was concerned; was, on the contrary, shy, apt to run away rather than give soft answer to soft query. And in this, too, was he Afghan that, when love came to him at last, he clutched it sudden, as he would a dagger hilt. . . .

It came to him one morning as he was crossing the country of the Kusrani, a border clan whose round stone houses crowded the Valley of the Wrath of Thunder. He did not tarry there. For he cared as little for the Kusrani as they for him.

It was their custom to spend certain years of their youth in wandering as wrestlers throughout Afghanistan, even going north into High Tatary to show their skill at country fairs. Many of them were giants in stature and strength; and for generations the wrestling craft had descended from father to son, until today, in all the hills, no gladiators were more famed or feared. But always, when they had made money, they returned to their native village and remained there, unbroadened by travel, the same race of obstinate peasants, bewitched within a sweep of ancient turgid tradition. Small wonder that they had no use for a vagabond's rollicking tales; that more than once they had set their savage shaggy hounds at Hydar Ishmail's heels.

He remembered it as he hurried along. Remembered, too, how some years earlier, when he had been a boy of sixteen but already footloose on the open road, he had met in that same valley a girl of the Kusrani not much younger than he; and very lovely she had seemed to him—slim and straight as a pine sapling, neither white nor rosy nor brown, but a clear even gold the strong mountain sun and wind had dyed her, and her hair rolling in ebony waves over her broad forehead.

He had blushed, being as much the coward in those days, when faced by woman or maid, as he was today. Still, somehow he had been unable to keep from saying to her in his stilted Afghan speech:

"*Benjam-i-shuma* [By your life and mine]! But yours is the fine beauty . . ."

"And the quick fist," she had interrupted, "and the straight aim!" And she had picked up a stone, had thrown it with all her strength, hitting him on the left temple, and had nimbly leaped away.

Then, from behind the safety of a granite boulder, she had called him a number of names which, while giving the lie to her sex and tender years, had been as emblematic of her tough hill breed as ice is of winter. In shrill accents she had inquired by what right he, a vagabond, thus "an abuser of the salt, a loathly beast with pig's ears, a creature of quite unmentionable begetting," dared as much as look at a girl of the Kusrani, and had wound up triumphantly:

"Pah! Brother of seventeen dogs! Be pleased to return to your kennel—immediately!"

He was amused at the memory. He rubbed his temple. There was still a scar where the stone had struck him. A wildcat, he thought. But oh, those steel-gray eyes of hers, those red, red lips! And she would be six years older now—no longer a child. . . .

He wondered if she was married. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

WHAT did it matter to him? He knew nothing, wished to know nothing, of women. They frightened him. Besides, marriage meant iron bonds. It meant the yoke and drag of one's own fireside. And he was a lad of the open road.

The open road—he told himself—was over yonder, the other side of the valley; up where the higher mountains offered their huge stony stillness to the fiery face of the sun; where freedom was and the naked soul of Allah. And he was about to climb the steep trail when he heard a stirring of leaves, a snapping of dry stalks, and out of a rhododendron thicket came a flock of goats and,

QUESTIONS 20

Score yourself as follows:

1-4 correct .....No soap
5-9 correct .....Some hope
10-15 correct .....No dope!
16-20 correct .....Some scope!

1—What son is treading in the footsteps of horror of his late famous cinema father?

2—What well known song is sung to the tune of the old English melody Anacreon in Heaven?

3—What fruit recently was used to help launch a ship?

4—How long has the ruling house of England been known as the House of Windsor?

5—The recent census showed that our population has increased. But has the population of big game increased?

6—What U. S. official collects all debts and pays all government bills, except those of the executive department?

7—Is it true that the tides are caused by the moon?

8—Why should 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue be known to every American?

9—In the North African desert battles, what is the "chief weapon"?

10—Where would you be most likely to see this phrase, and what is it from: "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds"?

11—Who was the "Lady of the Lamp," and why?

12—What are the two dates between which Easter must fall?

13—When did the U. S. declare peace with Germany in the last war?

14—What are the "seven virtues"?

15—How did the palm tree get its name?

16—What states or territories are represented by the sunflower, mayflower, orange blossom, and forget-me-not?

17—The name of Adolphe Sax is kept alive in what invention?

18—What do ASCAP and BMI stand for?

19—A radio crooner was murdered in early July at a New Jersey resort. The main suspect said: "It wasn't me. I was out in the garden at noon, when it happened. Noticed the time particularly. Compared my watch with the sundial. Both said noon." Police knew he was lying and arrested him. How did they know?

20—What world-wide organization mourned the recent death of Lord Baden-Powell?

(*Answers will be found on page 24*)

driving them with pointed thorn stick, a young girl.

He knew her at once, though six years had passed and now her slender body was budding into womanhood beneath the thin cotton robe that covered her from her neck to just below her knees. Her hair was braided with blue and saffron ribbons, and by this he could tell, with a strange feeling of relief, that she was not yet married. . . .

She did not recognize him. For a huge fur bonnet was pressed deeply over his forehead. But by his rough leather clothes she knew that he was a man of the wilderness, therefore, doubtless, rowdyish and boisterous, quick at picking a quarrel, as quick at making love. So she raised her stick threateningly; and he smiled.

"It seems," he remarked, "that six years have not changed you—much. Look!" tilting his cap and showing the scar on his temple. "Once you greeted me with a stone—and today with a stick."

She remembered then.

"Still a vagabond?" she asked mockingly.

"Still a free man."

"A raffish, worthless man."

"That is not so!" he declared hotly.

"It is, too. A decent man works. A decent man stays home. Your path is the wrong path. It leads away from the day's proper toil."

"There is laughter in my path—and laughter is rich."

"Plain contentment is richer. Oh"—angrily—"why should I bandy words with a vagabond?"

She turned to go—and quickly he stretched out a hand as if to bar her way. For he knew, suddenly, that there would be emptiness in the house where she was not; and, queerly, right then his fear of women vanished and there was now only his fear of not having this one woman for his own; and he felt his heart drumming; and he said to her:

"You should stay away from the forests and hills and valleys—wherever you might meet the sons of Adam."

"WHY?" she asked—and she, too, felt her heart drumming.

"Because yours is the face for which daggers are out and blood spilled. And"—he paused—"may I tell you something else?"

"How can I help it, since you are keeping me here by ruffianly force?"—which was not true, as his hands did not even touch her.

"I," he declared, taking a step forward, "am two men."

"Two . . .?" she echoed wonderingly.

"Yes. One is the vagabond whom you despise. The second is myself, Hydar Ishmail, the creature of God's making." He took another step forward. "Which of the two do you wish to speak?" He saw that her hands, plucking at her robe, were as unquiet as butterflies. "Which of the two?" he insisted.

1. **JOHN NEEDS A LAXATIVE;** but he's got an exam at 10 o'clock. He's scared to risk it. He can't have anything interfere with his quiz! So he puts off taking anything.

2. **JOE NEEDS A LAXATIVE;** he has a 10 o'clock exam, too. But his mother says: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." So Joe takes *speedy* Sal Hepatica.

3. **POOR JOHN!** How can a fellow concentrate on history when constipation symptoms hinder clear thinking? John holds his aching head, flunks his quiz!

4. **JOE PUTS HIS BEST** efforts on the quiz and passes! Sal Hepatica worked within an hour . . . easily, gently. Joe is able to concentrate, feels swell!

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

PUT OFF taking a needed laxative and you're simply putting off relief. Don't delay. Discover *speedy* Sal Hepatica. It usually works within an hour . . . gently, thoroughly . . . by attracting water to the intestinal tract; works without discomfort, griping, or irritation.

Sal Hepatica, remember, is *more* than a laxative. It helps reduce excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

It's not surprising that 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica! Try this *speedy*, sparkling saline next time you need a laxative!

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

"Let the second man speak!" she replied in slurred accents.

Then—was he not the bard to whom words came easily?—he might have spoken in golden, winged hyperbole. But he did nothing of the kind.

"I love you," he said simply.

She drew in her breath.

"You"—she stammered—"you do not know me."

"I shall learn you."

"How?" she whispered.

The next second she was in his arms. Did he kiss her first, or she him? He did not know, nor she. But they knew that, so swiftly, so strangely, the miracle of love had come to them—overwhelming and poignant, and just a little tragic, as the sea is tragic, and the depth of the forest at full noon, and the hiving of far stars.

There was no outside world. There was no sky, no hill, no valley. There was no vagabond, no girl of the Kusrani. There was only he and she—only a man and a woman who loved each other. . . .

"*Y'ellah!*" A herder's call, high and reedy, drove them apart.

"Tomorrow?" asked Hydar.

"Tomorrow!"

"*Y'ellah!*" Again the herder's call, drifting nearer, and Hydar ran up the trail, while Atheba gathered her scattered goats and drove them through the rhododendron thicket.

MORNING after morning they met. They spoke of little but their love which was so sweet and yet so bitter. For there was the future—and what would it bring?

"Only one thing to do," Hydar said one day. "We must run away."

"No, no!"

"What else is there? Your clan will never permit us to marry."

"I know."

"So . . ."

"There is my grandmother. My parents are dead, and she brought me up. I love her. She is alone except for me. How can I leave her?"

"Well"—he swallowed hard—"we'll take her along with us."

"No. She is too old, too weak."

And then, from a clump of bushes near by where Gothia, Atheba's grandmother, was hiding, came silent comment:

"Old? Doubtless. But—by the honor of my nose!—perhaps not so weak. . . ."

OF late Gothia had wondered at the haste with which the girl finished her household chores and drove the flock to pasture. So this morning, still agile in spite of her age, she had followed her granddaughter, had hidden, watched—and now a smile spread over her wrinkled face.

She was not a Kusrani but a Tatar from beyond the border. Her husband, Shikandar Bek, the most famous wrestler of his time, had met and married her at a country fair near Bokhara. He had brought her home with him, and from the beginning the tribesmen had disapproved of her. A foreigner, wasn't she?—whose ways were not their ways, and therefore, sure enough, wrong and to be condemned.

A girl of spirit and unstanched speech, Gothia had fought back. But gradually, chiefly after her husband's death, she had become tired of the eternal nagging and had submitted to clan tradition and prejudice. And now her old heart exulted when she saw that her granddaughter, by taking a vagabond for lover, was revolting against the tribal rule as she herself had revolted fifty years earlier.

Her immediate impulse was to step forth and say to Atheba:

"Go with this lad and forget about me. I am old and you are young. You have a right to live your own life."

Almost at once she reconsidered. By running away, Atheba would gain freedom. But it would not affect the Kusrani; and she had never forgiven them for what they had made her endure. Suppose, she thought, that somehow, by using the love of these two young people, she could revenge herself on the tribesmen, force them to eat dirt! Assuredly there must be a way. She pondered, and she remembered how her husband had won his most memorable victories: by waiting patiently for his chance, then acting with sudden, pouncing speed.

That's what she did. She waited for her chance; found it, queerly, in the Kusrani's fanatical respect for their own laws—and that was shortly after Timur, the chief's young son, returned from the north.

He was a giant of a man: six and a half foot of brawn and muscle, his torso like a barrel, his short neck like a bull's. He had been away several years in Central Asia, wrestling and defeating all comers. So there was a feast in his honor in the *hujra*, the communal village hall, and the tribesmen looked upon him with pride and exclaimed that never—by the teeth of the True Prophet!—had there been a stronger fighter.

Gothia shrugged her shoulders.

"My husband—may he enjoy paradise!—was not the strongest," she said to herself, "but he always won. Because he was the shrewdest."

She smiled maliciously as she watched the women, the stout, wise mothers of marriageable daughters, who gathered about Timur and—was he not rich and famous and the future chief?—paid him extravagant compliments. He enjoyed himself hugely. He was an artless, rather bovine young man. And he was generous.

"See," he announced, "what I brought you from the far places!"

He dipped large hands into an iron-bound chest and tossed presents right and left. Daggers and Persian pipes for the men. Perfume for the married women. And for the young girls the pick of fine foreign things. A filigree brooch for Kirjan, the blacksmith's green-eyed daughter. A garnet-studded pin for Fathma, the miller's child. A gay kerchief for Ayesha, the priest's first-born. And so there was laughter and thanks, and Timur slapped his great thighs.

"The best," he cried jovially, "for my own people . . ." He interrupted himself. Atheba, whom he had not seen since his return, was passing the open door. He rushed up to her, being able to hide his feelings no more than his strength. "The very best for you!" he said, and drew from his left thumb a ring set with a large star sapphire which, until this moment, he had intended for his personal adornment.

She did not take it; hardly noticed it. She was on her way to meet Red Hydar. Without replying, she hurried on—while Timur looked after her, crestfallen, and the women swapped acid comment:

"What manners!"

"Tatar manners!"

"No wonder. Pah! The young ravens are beaked like the old."

They glanced at Gothia, who said never a word but continued to smile maliciously as an idea began to form in her tough old brain. . . .

A WEEK passed during which there was much salty gossip as the women met at the brook to draw water:

"Every day Timur begs her to be his wife—and every day she shows him the curve of her spine!"

(*Continued on page 26*)

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Lon Chaney, Jr.

2—The Star-Spangled Banner.

3—Bananas—7,000 pounds—to launch the Cape Lookout, cargo ship, in Texas.

4—Since July 17, 1917.

5—Yes, more than 100 per cent in the past ten years, according to the 1941 World Almanac.

6—The U. S. Comptroller General, Lindsay C. Warren.

7—Yes, and also by the sun, but the moon exerts the greater force.

8—This is the address of the White House in Washington, D. C.

9—The sun, which dries men's throats, and is likely to make the soldiers unfit for fighting unless precautions are taken.

10—This is the motto used by the Post Office Department and found on many of its buildings. It is from Herodotus.

11—Nurse Florence Nightingale, because at night she would make her rounds, lamp in hand, to comfort wounded soldiers.

12—March 22 and April 25. The date of Easter is determined by an ancient ecclesiastical computation to ensure a moon to provide light for travelers going to the religious festival.

13—July 2, 1921.

14—Faith, hope, charity, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance.

15—Because the palm leaf bears some similarity to the shape of the palm of the hand.

16—Sunflower, Kansas; mayflower, Massachusetts; orange blossom, Florida; forget-me-not, Alaska.

17—The saxophone.

18—The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, and Broadcast Music, Inc.

19—Because in midsummer in New Jersey, daylight-saving time is in effect, and the sundial would not jibe with a watch that keeps fairly good time.

20—The Boy Scouts. Lord Baden-Powell was "Chief Scout of the World" for more than 25 years.

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(*Continued from page 24*)

"And he so rich, so famous, so strong!"

"What he sees in her," exclaimed the mother of two unmarried daughters, "the devil alone knoweth!"

"And she over nineteen—and still unwed! Almost an old spinster!"

"When I reproved her, she gave me the rasp of her tongue!"

"The lawless whelp!"

"So was her grandmother lawless when she came out of High Tatary!"

With the mentioning of Gothia's name, the gossip took another and saltier turn. For it had been noticed by everybody except Atheba, who was too busy meeting her lover in the mornings and thinking of him the rest of the time, that every afternoon around three Gothia took the steep trail which led to a mountaintop called, for a reason long forgotten, the Hoof of the Black Stallion. It belonged to a neighboring clan, the Musadi; and it was a tribal rule of the Kusrani, being a narrow-minded and self-contained folk, never to set foot there.

So the wondering questions:

"What can Gothia be doing there?"

"Yes. What *can* she be doing?"

"Perhaps," suggested the blacksmith's wife, "she is meeting her lover."

"How can that be? Is she not over threescore and ten?"

"What difference does that make to a Tatar?"

"Still," observed Hirfa, the priest's mother and more charitable because of her son's calling, "I do not believe that she . . ."

"I do," announced the miller's wife. "You see—not that I am in the habit of putting my nose in other people's pots—but yesterday I—ah—happened to follow her. Not all the way, since I"—virtuously—"am not the one to cross the border of an alien clan. So I did not see *exactly* what occurred. But I did see . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

"A man—who came from the opposite direction and joined her."

"Who was he?"

"It was too far to tell his features. But he seemed young, judging from his quick step. And then both disappeared behind some rocks."

"The Lord have mercy . . ."

SO this week passed and another, while gossip went on, sifting through the sieve of eager pursed lips. And gossip gave way to amazement when Umteyra, the widowed chief's housekeeper, reported one day that on the previous evening Gothia had called on her master—and Umteyra had listened by the kitchen door.

Gothia's greeting had been courtly:

"I am your slave and your offering, O Osman Khan!"

The chief's reply had been quite as polite. Then, after a few more amenities, Gothia had come bluntly to the point:

"Your son loves my granddaughter, and I approve of the match."

"Not so Atheba. She does not love Timur."

"What of it? Love will come after marriage."

"Wise words. But a stubborn mind, like a hungry belly, has no ears."

"The mind grows ears when it meets another mind equally stubborn—and more powerful." Gothia had paused. "Is there not," she had slowly continued, "an ancient tribal law?"

"Which one?" Osman had sighed. "There are—alas!—so many."

"The one, known to all the hills, that a girl who has passed her nineteenth year unwed must take to husband the first man of her tribe who proposes to her, if he be healthy and of decent family and honorable occupation. Your son . . ."

"Is all that!" the chief had interrupted triumphantly. "Ah"—bowing before the old woman—"may the Lord God give you cattle and plenty! And the wedding—when shall it be?"

"The sooner the better. Why not this afternoon?"

THUS Umteyra's tale; and when, shortly before noon, Atheba came back to the village, it was humming like a beehive with the news. She caught a word here and there, and she hurried toward her home.

Of late she had been bitter at the world and chiefly at Hydar. For the latter, since the morning when he had begged her to run away with him, had no more mentioned the subject. And while she had made up her mind to refuse him as often as he should ask, still—was she not a girl?—she blamed him for not urging her against her will. So for days she had been the victim of smoldering resentment. This morning they had had words—harsh words over, really, nothing at all—though, coming to think of it, it was she who had done the talking and he the listening, keeping silent even when she had told him she wanted never to see him again. And now, as she entered the house where her grandmother sat peacefully smoking a water pipe, her temper flared sharp.

"Is it true," she demanded, "what these leaky-tongues outside are babbling? That you, you yourself, went to the chief and. . . ."

"Quite true."

"But—oh . . ."

"You are nineteen—and still unwed."

"What is it to you? Am I a slave, a goat, a thing without rights or soul, that you should . . ."

"It is the ancient law," came the old woman's slurred voice as she choked her laugh into the tube of her pipe so that the water bubbled and gurgled like an ill-natured camel. "The wedding," she added, "is this afternoon. You may wear the Tatar dress I wore when I married your grandfather. Ah"—with a little sigh—"once I was as slim as you."

Atheba did not reply. She ran from the house. She knew what she would do. She would go to Red Hydar; would swallow her pride, her resentment, and implore him to take her away.

But when she reached the farther side of the valley where they were in the habit of meeting, he was not there. Nor could she find him anywhere at all, though she searched for hours. At last she gave up. Doubtless—she thought—embittered at her words, he had once more taken the deer and wolf trail and was by this time across glen and mountain and glen again. He would never be back! And cold despair came to her and hot hate—against her grandmother, against Timur, against all the world, since all the world was against *her*.

Very well—she considered—she would squeeze her hate dry to the last drop. She would marry Timur and, after her father-in-law's death, would be the chief's wife; and then—by Allah!—she would lord it over the other women; lord it, too, over her grandmother. Meanness for meanness she would give. Hurt for hurt. And she would do with Timur as she wished. She would do the piping and he the dancing—*hayah!* the big uncouth buffalo—what a life she would lead him! . . .

WHEN she re-entered the house, she found Gothia in her holiday best.

"Get dressed," said the old woman. "For Timur's father will soon be here to claim the bride"—she smiled thinly—"according to the ancient Kusrani tradition."

Indeed, not long later, Osman salaamed before Gothia. He spoke the stiff ceremonious words that reached back to the days, centuries ago, when the Kusrani had still been nomads roaming the northern steppe:

"Behold, O woman, I have alighted at your tent."

"My tent," was the equally ceremonious reply, "welcomes your presence."

The chief was pleased. Here, he thought, Tatar or not, was one who knew and observed the correct ritual; and he went on:

"Is the bride ready for the coming of the bridegroom's feet?"

Gothia pointed. Atheba stood on the threshold of the inner room. She was decked out in all her grandmother's wedding finery, from a lace shawl that covered her black curls to immense pearl-and-gold earrings hanging down to her shoulders, from loose trousers of rose-red satin to tiny slippers embroidered with silver and black.

"A most obedient child," Gothia announced, "anxious to honor the ancient Kusrani laws"—she paused slightly—"to honor *all* of them"—she coughed—"including the one which—ah—perhaps you have forgotten . . . ?"

"What do you mean?" Osman demanded, suddenly suspicious.

"The law which says that when a girl is asked to marry against her

will, any man, even a foreigner, has the right to challenge the prospective bridegroom to a wrestling bout. And," slowly, "according to the law which we *both* respect, the girl must marry the victor."

"There is such a law," agreed the chief. Doubtless the old woman was jesting. "But," he laughed, "who in all the hills can stand up against my son?"

"I know one who will try. He will be here shortly."

Gothia seemed perfectly serious, and Osman exclaimed:

"But who?"

"Wait and see."

"*Wah!* To beat my son"—the chief's laughter peaked to a shrill note of derision—"what conceit! Like the fat bird that bastes itself!"

He left, while Atheba turned to her grandmother. Momentarily her anger gave way to curiosity.

"Who is this rash man who will challenge Timur?" she demanded—and somehow, though she hated to admit it to herself, the thought was flattering.

"Here he comes," said Gothia.

And Atheba, following the direction of Gothia's finger, saw Red Hydar climb up the trail and emerge in front of the village mosque where a small square lay bathed in the cold golden sunlight of the mountains.

"Dear Lord . . ."

Her cry was drowned in a growling, guttural chorus as the Kusrani gathered about Hydar:

"A vagabond!"

"What seek you here, cow-maiming jackal?"

More insults, threats, thorn sticks raised, while Hydar waited, a faint smile on his lips, until the storm had subsided a little. Then, in a high clear voice, he announced:

"I have come to give battle to Timur, your champion, for the soul and body of the girl called Atheba."

The latter, with Gothia by her side, hurried from the house.

"How," she asked the old woman in agonized excitement, "did you know that Hydar. . . ."

"Because I told him to. . . ."

"*You* told him to?"

"Yes."

"Oh—I hate you—hate you! Do you want him killed?"

"Child," the old woman spoke sternly, "have you so little faith in your lover—or in me?"

SHE said no more. With her granddaughter clinging to her arm, she stepped from the house. By this time, while the people had given way, clearing a space, Timur had come out onto the square.

He untwisted his turban and handed it to an admiring youth. He removed his loose wedding robe of fine white silk, and there was the dramatic appearance of a huge body, bare but for a loincloth, of legs like oaks and arms like columns of granite. Compared to his fantastic bulk, Hydar—who, too, had stripped and stood there, short, lithe, and

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wiry, though of a fair sweep of shoulder and knotting of muscles—seemed almost a child.

Timur looked at him. There was no guile in his heart.

"No, no," he said. "I do not care to wrestle with you."

"Are you afraid?" demanded the other.

The tribesmen roared with laughter.

"A reckless lad, this vagabond!" shouted one.

"The sweet small sound the breaking of his neck will be when Timur twists it as he would a bird's!"

Timur turned on the last speaker.

"Be quiet," he said. "This is a brave man." And, gently, to Hydar: "I shall not hurt you much."

HE felt sorry for his opponent. But he loved Atheba. So he had to do this. Very well. He would make the bout short. The outcome was inevitable.

He moved forward with a shambling gait. Then he dropped into a crouch. His hands jerked out like the paws of a bear, trying to draw the other into a crushing embrace. But at the same moment Hydar remembered a certain lesson he had learned—had learned patiently, wearily, these last two weeks up on the mountaintop which the hillmen knew as the Hoof of the Black Stallion.

He jumped sideways, then fell flat on his back, making no attempt to rise, as if he were motionless with fear—while Atheba drew in her breath sharply and her grandmother caressed her hair.

"Don't be afraid!" whispered the old woman. "Watch!"

The crowd was amused. So was Timur. It would be over in a second. He would pick up this little man and smash him on the hard earth until he fainted or begged for mercy.

He shrugged apologetically. One felt that he hated to do this.

But as, absolutely sure of himself and forgetful of his defenses, he reached down—with an immense ponderous certainty, slowly, too slowly—Red Hydar suddenly doubled his knees, then straightened them, sending both legs violently into the other's body, just below the heart.

Timur gave a cry like a hurt dog. He trembled; fell with an immense crash; lay unconscious, while a long shuddering sob rose from the crowd. But no fists were raised. No threats were muttered. The vagabond had won—according to the ancient Kusrani law. They respected it.

A sluicing of cold water revived Timur. He staggered to his feet, scratched his bullet-shaped head, and smiled sheepishly.

"Beaten!" he exclaimed without the slightest ill feeling but thoroughly puzzled, as he looked down at Hydar from his towering height. "Beaten—forgive me, I mean no offense—by you!"

"Not by me," laughed the other, "but by her." He pointed at Gothia, who inclined her head.

"My husband—may he enjoy paradise!—was always not the strongest but the shrewdest," she said. "And I was always—still am—the tough, tough Tatar. My husband—may he enjoy paradise!—practiced his tricks on me many and many a time. And I taught these same tricks to Hydar—*wah,* but my old bones are black and blue with the teaching!"

"And," cried Atheba, "you never told me! You let me worry! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Am I a fool?" smiled her grandmother. "Would I confide a secret to a woman—especially a woman in love? Would I keep cheese on trust with a mouse?"

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

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LATER that evening Atheba and Hydar were sitting hand in hand, looking out over the Valley of the Wrath of Thunder.

"Husband and wife we are," he said, "and tomorrow we shall go away from here and take the open road, the free . . ."

"We shall do nothing of the sort," she interrupted.

"Eh?"

"No longer the open road for you, my hero, but a fair share of decent, proper work for you hereafter—here, in the land of the Kusrani."

"But . . ."

"The earth is fat here," she went on, not heeding him at all, "the grass green, the water pure. Here is a fine stretching of trees and piling of rocks to clout into a house with the strength of your hands. Here we shall live and here thrive—God willing! And now we shall go to bed. For you must get up betimes tomorrow."

And she stared at him; and, almost, he quailed. . . .

THE END

scene from this
ison's waggish
stery hit, Arse-
and Old Lace.

THE BUSINESS OF Killing Cock Robin

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

DOUBTLESS in no other field of dramatic writing is so much ingenuity called for as in the mystery, murder, and detective play. The demands of an audience are stricter in the case of such a play than in the case of almost any other kind. A poor other kind of play will every once in a while succeed, but the murder mystery has to be pretty good or its goose is cooked. If a poor murder mystery has succeeded in the last ten years, I don't know its name. I can, on the other hand, give you the names of two dozen that, failing to meet the audiences' standards, have been abruptly dispatched to the storehouse.

The hypercritical attitude of an audience toward this species of entertainment proceeds from two causes. First, the average customer of mystery plays, being an admirer of such things, is usually a big reader of books of the same type and thus is not only something of an authority on the subject but is on to most of the tricks of the mystery trade and hence doubly hard to please. And secondly, whereas nervous suspense and surprise are not always essential to the enjoyment of another kind of play —as witness, for example, all sorts of successful plays like Abe Lincoln in Illinois, The Man Who Came to Dinner, Life with Father, The Time of Your Life, etc.—they are as vitally a part of the mystery opus as vitamin B to a country doctor's therapeutical conversation. This nervous suspense and this surprise are difficult to induce in a sophisticated audience, inasmuch as you cannot effectively repeat the devices wherewith they are inculcated, though you can repeat other devices on end in other forms of drama and prosperously get away with them. So, obviously, inventiveness must constantly be multiplied by inventiveness.

In the other drama, you can rewrite time and again, say, the scene in which the separated husband and wife are reunited at eleven o'clock by their lonely child—it has been done successfully for more than fifty years and as recently as in Susan and God—but try to repeat even once the scene in which some one like Sherlock Holmes escapes from a room by means of a lighted cigar butt and your audience will give you the boot. You can go on making money, if you are not a mystery, murder, or detective play writer, even with the episode wherein a husband finally turns on his shrew of a wife or wherein a blackmailing hussy shows up at a critical moment in the hero's career, but you will go posthaste to the ash can if you try to get away a second time with hiding your own particular Raffles in a grandfather's clock, or disguising your own particular Bat from head to foot in black swathings, or moving a colored light around a room to represent your own paraphrase of the protagonist of The Unknown Purple.

So severe, indeed, is the demand for convincing dramatic ingenuity in the mystery play that mere novelty unaccompanied by such ingenuity fails

Murder behind the footlights has its woes for more than the victim . . Consider the case of the author!

to satisfy. Certainly there hasn't been a more novel device than that in Trick for Trick when one magician seeking to outwit another challenged his guilt by asserting that the corpse of the murdered person would be made to float from an outside room on to the stage, and when the challenge was duly made good. But, though the trick was admirably managed, it made no impression upon the audience because, while novel and inventive, it was not *dramatically* convincing.

To add to the problems of the mystery play confector, most of the hitherto tried and true devices have lately been laughed out of the theater by audiences. The door that opens mysteriously without human aid, the sliding panel, the suit of armor that suddenly shows signs of life, the skeleton in or out of a closet, the sudden dousing of the lights, the scream in the dark, the hand slowly reaching from behind the door to turn off a switch, the rattle of the window blinds, the mysterious breaking of a windowpane, the pocket flashlight in the dark, the loud-ticking clock in the empty room, the sinister shadow against the bedroom wall—all these and other devices like them have gone on the index expurgatorius. The dry-voiced detective with the slouch hat may still be relied upon once in a while, although his day is pretty well done; the body of the murdered man which surprisingly falls out of the cupboard has again been utilized recently by Owen Davis in Mr. and Mrs. North (he used it previously in At 9:45); and playwrights may still conceivably now and then get by with the business of obtaining a suspect's fingerprints by amiably handing him a glass of whisky-and-soda or asking him to see if the piano is in tune. But woe betide the author who trots out again at this date the murderous desk paper knife, or the bookcase that mysteriously parts in the middle, or the sinister butler, or the flash of lightning that reveals the corpse, or the old Conan Doyle trick of the long cigar ash that proves the smoker is telling the truth when he denies he just came in from the tennis court.

"And see if you can teach her not to swear. Nothing I've tried does a damn bit of good."

BUT more particular than in any other direction has an audience become in the matter of murder solutions. To court prompt failure these days, all you have to do, for example, is to let your murder mystery down with the news that it wasn't murder after all but suicide. The authors of Cue for Passion found that out all too quickly only a few months ago. Another sure road to the storehouse is finally placing the guilt on a character who has been too elaborately concealed during the evening. And still others are the news that the man died from heart disease just before the would-be murderer got in his dirty work, the revelation that the dead man in the securely locked and guarded room met his fate from a heavy chandelier tricked to fall on his head, the disclosure that a vengeful East Indian was the guilty party, or the dénouement that the deceased was killed by electric wires secreted in his dinner-table chair.

The riddling of alibis also calls for a steadily increasing ingenuity. The old exposures having to do with the clock that has been fixed, with the telephone conversation maneuvered from a remote point, or with the theater-ticket stubs for a show that is found not to have given a performance on that particular night because of the star's kidney trouble are no longer allowable. Nor are many such others as the trip to Boston on a train determined to have been canceled, or the getting off some other train at the 125th Street station, or the hypothetically injured right arm in a sling, or the revolver that has cleverly been imprinted with another's fingerprints.

Such old hokum has long since gone its way, and in its stead a new and more fertile and less theatrically stenciled chicane is demanded. As an illustration, take the final blowing up of the alibi of the culprit in the aforenoted recent murder mystery, Mr. and Mrs. North. The murderer's alibi here was that he had spent the hour of the crime at his apartment broiling live lobsters for a party he was giving that night. (He was that kind of bird.) His guests duly allowed they had had the lobster dishes and, as everyone knows that broiling live lobsters can't be done in a few minutes, the rascal seemed to be telling the truth. That is, until a snoopy woman guest with some household experience of her own suddenly recalled that the fellow was a tightwad who had passed off on his guests American champagne carefully wrapped in napkins as the real thing and that the lobster was of the canned variety.

Nothing very awfully exciting in that, we may readily admit, but it nevertheless enjoyed the virtue of being recognizably logical to an audience, and the further virtue, simple and artless as it was, of being at least a welcome departure from the stereotyped betrayal of the suspected party through his inadvertence in having put on the wrong overcoat, in having overlooked the fact that it was Washington's Birthday and that the bank was closed, or in being unmindful that the murdered man had a few minutes before been using a still running dictophone.

Up to about ten or fifteen years ago, the idea of having the man posing as the detective turn out to be the murderer was good enough for any audience; but try it today and see how far you get. Or try to make the suspected criminal believe that a phonograph turned on in an adjoining room is an actual person speaking. Or, if you are a glutton for box-office punishment, give your audience any of the old stuff about the dead man having accidentally fallen against the fireplace andirons and broken his skull, or about it having been the suspect's twin brother who did the killing, or about the murderer having disguised himself in women's clothes, or about the strange tropical plant that did the strangling.

So extreme in their prejudice against the old routine shenanigan have audiences become that more and more are sagacious playwrights abandoning the straight-out handling of murder mystery materials and resorting to either a humorous and farcical or a sardonic treatment. And with consequent much greater chances of success. Thus, a waggish approach as in the recent case of Arsenic and Old Lace is instrumental in accomplishing a box-office smash, whereas a straight approach as in

the recent case of Eight O'Clock Tuesday promptly puts cobwebs on the box office.

The play with the culprit who acts and talks as if he had swallowed an old melodramatic green light these days stands little or no chance, as witness the failure of all such latter-day exhibits as Timber House, Arrest That Woman, Love from a Stranger, Black Limelight, Angel Island, Escape This Night, Come Across, The Woman Brown, Goodbye in the Night, Suspect, The Strangler Fig, Grey Farm, etc. But the play in which the scoundrel has a paradoxical sense of humor, a debonair manner, or at least maybe a faint silver thread among the gilt of him, has one point in its favor even before the first curtain goes up on it. As witness, in turn, the greater relative acceptance of such exhibits as Night Must Fall, The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, Margin for Error, Kind Lady, and the like.

COMPLEXITY in the solution of a murder mystery is another potential dose of red ink. There was a day in the theater when playwrights still managed to get by with a final five minutes of explanation and elucidation so deliberately intricate and so rapidly rattled off that the audience, not being able to make head or tail of it, was persuaded either to take it all on the authors' say-so or to remit its judgment on the ground that it, the audience, probably hadn't been paying the necessary amount of strict and close attention to what had been going on. But today's audiences are no longer either so charitable or such suckers. If the solution isn't perfectly clear and comprehensible they will show it on their faces when they leave the theater, and the play itself will be leaving the theater not long after them.

The great success of The Bat, the biggest mystery-play gold mine that the Broadway theater has known (it ran for 867 performances), was, so the late Avery Hopwood, one of its authors, confided to me, due to the scrupulous care which was exercised in this direction. When he and Mary Roberts Rinehart had finished the play, they found upon studiously going over it that there were no less than five little points in the mystery that didn't fully jibe with their solution of it. Working back and forth—the job, he said, took them two solid months—they managed finally to make the whole thing absolutely water- and critic-proof.

This, he took some humorous satisfaction in pointing out to me, was duly proved when I loftily allowed that my own lynx eye had nevertheless spotted some fancy equivocation in the business of the projection of the figure of a bat by the automobile headlight and when he in turn put me in my place by taking me out that night and showing me how ridiculously simply, easily, and convincingly the trick could be done.

THE END

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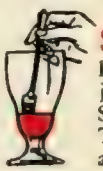
BOB: Drinking it! . . . By golly, I got a notion to take it up again. I felt tops when I was eating yeast, but I never liked the taste.

SOPHY: Go ahead. Now you can stay with it long enough to get the good out of it . . . and there's sure plenty! Tastes like oven-fresh bread; easy to mix. What more do you want?

BOB: Sold! I always knew the authorities were right when they said "yeast is one of the richest sources of the amazing vitamin B complex," and "more vitamins" is my favorite motto.

SOPHY: But maybe you aren't getting enough of these vitamins. So try yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . And see if you don't find a seat on top of the world!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

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READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHILE hiding on Mangareva, a remote island in the South Seas, Strachey Smith, a young American, inherits a pearl necklace from a Belgian, René Claessens. Claessens requests that Smith add the few pearls necessary to complete it, then take it to a jeweler in New York and compare it with another string. If Claessens' is the better, the pearls are to go to a museum in Brussels; if not, Smith may keep them.

On the day Smith dives for the last pearl, a yacht enters the harbor, and the owner, Clara Lair, comes ashore with her poor-relation cousin, Janet, and asks Smith to sell her some pearls. He replies that he has none for sale, but it is obvious that Clara does not believe him. That evening Janet, interested in this handsome mysterious young man, goes ashore alone and sees Smith with the necklace. He makes her an extraordinary proposition; namely, that she shall take the pearls to New York, wait there with them until he arrives, and wear them when he escorts her to restaurants, theaters, and night clubs. For this he will pay her a salary. Wearing pearls, he tells her, improves their luster, and he wants Claessens' string to be better than the jeweler's, even though it means he must give them up.

One night at a supper club Strachey introduces a famous gambler, Walt Morgan, to Janet. Walt seems to be a good friend of his. Later Clara comes into the club and, seeing Janet with the necklace, again offers to buy it.

He took her in his arms, and he kissed her for a long while, though he knew they would suffer the more for it later.

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

Strachey refuses to sell, and soon after, when a large white-haired man arrives, he hustles Janet out while Walt engages the man in conversation. He refuses to explain why he is acting so strangely, and Janet is worried and puzzled.

She does not know that the white-haired man is a detective nor—what Walt knows—that eight years ago, in a card game, Strachey shot and killed Jenkie La Rue, a small-time gambler. Walt helped him get out of the country and told him to stay away. Now, however, Strachey realizes he does not want to be a fugitive all his life. He goes to Walt's apartment and announces that he is going to give himself up to the police.

PART FOUR—A BLOW IN THE DARK

WALT was on his feet. He went to Strachey and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Now look here, kid. You've been away too long. The bang of the big town's making you jumpy. Get a grip on yourself."

"It isn't only that . . ."

"No; it's also Miss Lair."

"How the hell do you know about—"

Swiftly excitement mounts in a thrilling novel of love and danger

Girl sticks out Neck

"Easy, Strach! I'm not blind. I saw how you were looking at her just before I went up to your table last night. Well, I can understand that. But don't lose your head.

"Look at it this way. You killed a man. All right. He was a heel, and he'd been making all sorts of uncalled-for cracks at you, as he'd done a few nights before. He started to come around the table, and you had every reason to think that he was reaching for a gun. I thought so myself. Everybody did. And just then some damn 'kind friend' slips a gun into your hand, and you did exactly what any other man would do in those circumstances. You let fly.

"So you killed a man. It was a tough break, but it's true. You'd had a scrap with him in a public place a few nights before, and that'll count against you. You had no permit to carry a gun, and you'll never be able to get any of those guys to admit that they slipped it to you, and *that'll* count against you. Jenkie didn't have a gun of his own, which of course is the worst part of it all. For a while, remember, we hoped that if we left the gun there the cops might think it had been suicide—or anyway a defense lawyer, if you did get picked up, might make something out of the possibility. But that's eliminated. The cops not only know it wasn't suicide but they can prove it. There wasn't any powder tattooing on Jenkie's shirt, as there would have been with the kind of cartridge that was used if the muzzle of the gun had been within three feet of Jenkie when the shot was fired.

"*I'd* testify whatever looked best for you, but there were five other men in that game and they're all here in New York now—or anyway they're where the cops can get at them. Every single one of them will nail you to the cross. Why? Because they'll know what the cops and the D. A.'s office will want them to say, and they'll say it. They'll always do everything they can to stay on the right side of John Law when it doesn't hurt them personally.

"All right. You killed a man. I keep coming back to that—"

"So do I," muttered Strachey.

"You ran away. Can't you see what a big point they'll make of that? You skipped out of the country the very next morning, and you went to the farthest place you could find. Why? They won't forget to ask the jury that.

"In other words, they've got you dead to rights. If I thought there was the slightest bit of good fighting the case, Strach, I'd say stay and fight. What's more, I'd get you the best lawyers that money can buy. But there's no sense talking about that now. Your giving yourself up wouldn't count very much in your favor—not after you'd hidden out for eight years. I'm talking straight now. I'd do everything possible for you, naturally, but I haven't got the drag I used to have. As a matter of fact, except for the money part of it, I'd be more of a liability to you than an asset. And you certainly must know that you'd have a good chance of getting the chair. The least you could expect would be life.

"Do you want that—because of a nasty little fish-eyed squirt like Jenk

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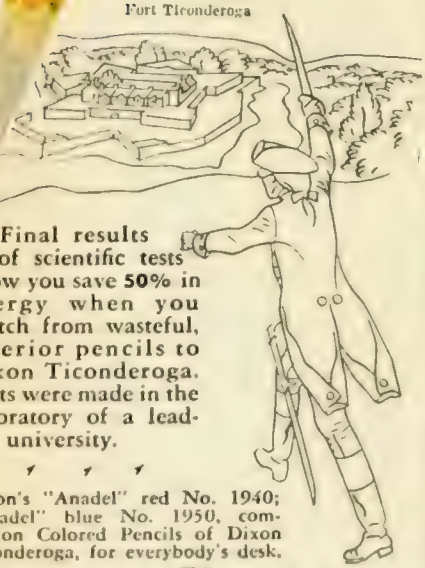

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La Rue? Hell, no! Go west, young man. Or north or east or south, or wherever this island of yours is located. But get out of town!"

Strachey had his head in his hands. He said, "Of course I've thought all this over before. Many a time."

"Well, stop thinking it over. Just obey your instinct. Scram!"

"That's what I'm doing—obeying my instinct. I want to get rid of Jenkie La Rue. I want to get rid of that chalky face and those droopy cheeks. And the only way I can do it is by walking into police headquarters and saying, 'Here I am.' A little while ago I wouldn't have thought that. But New York's had a different effect on me than I'd expected."

"You mean Miss Lair has."

"Well, maybe that's the answer. Anyway, I know I couldn't go back to Mangareva and live the way I've been living. Not now."

"So you want to go to Sing Sing instead? How do you suppose the girl's going to feel about that? I'm not mentioning myself. I'd have a lot of awkward explaining to do, but I can take it. But what about her?"

HE went to a window. Strachey looked up.

"You're not expecting cops, are you?"

"Can't tell. And this apartment was never designed for a raid. There's a service entrance but it only opens on the same hall. There's no back entrance, and the only way to get downstairs is by the fire steps or that one automatic elevator. I don't think anybody's out there; but, on the other hand, Cantrell didn't take all the trouble to climb into evening clothes last night for nothing. He might have been laughing at me all the time I thought I was stalling him."

Strachey shivered a little. A hitherto unshot-at fugitive, he had never glimpsed his pursuers, but up one valley and down another he had raced, dodging from cover to cover, on the assumption that they must be behind him. He'd got a whit cocky. Not a sound back there, not a shadow that moved or a bird affrighted. Careless, he had thrust his head above a rock—and a bullet sang past his ear while a shot sounded. They *were* there! After the poppied peace of Mangareva it was a thought that brought panic.

"I've considered Janet, all right," he said, not looking at the gambler. "I spent last night doing just about nothing else. Walking the floor. Thinking I'd go nuts."

Walt said gently, "Why don't you take her back with you? Afraid she'd refuse to go?"

Strachey shook his head.

"I don't know. I'm so crazy about her I don't dare let myself think of that angle of it. But anyway I couldn't ask her without telling her about Jenkie La Rue. And even if she consented then, I couldn't condemn her or any other woman to a life like that."

"I thought you said it was a nice place?"

"No place is nice when you're afraid to move out of it," Strachey said somberly. "Mangareva would be heaven if it wasn't for Jenkie La Rue. If you could just get away now and then—once a year maybe—get to the mainland and have your teeth looked after and buy a few things, or even just get up to Tahiti and meet some tourists—"

He rose. Walt went to him and touched his arm.

"I'm awfully sorry. You're in a spot, and I can't help feeling it was my fault. I wish I could help. But outside of money—"

"No, I've got enough to get back on," Strachey muttered. "If I *go* back, that is. Thanks anyway."

"You certainly ought to go back, Strach."

"Maybe. . . . I'll think it over. And I can't do anything until I finish the business I spoke of. Janet knows there's something up, though she doesn't know what it is. Last night, when I took her back to the Lessing Hotel, I promised to tell her something definite tonight."

"You'd be a fool to tell her the truth. If you just go away without seeing her again she'll feel terrible for a while but she'll get over it. But if you tell her about Jenkie and then go off, or if you give yourself up, she'll be miserable about it for the rest of her life, thinking that she ought to have done something."

"Maybe. . . . I wish to hell I could make up my mind. I wish it was only me involved. Then I know exactly what I'd do. I'd march into the nearest police station and get it over with. But I've got to think of her. And I figured it was only decent to come and tell you about it, in view of the way you'd treated me."

"Forget about me. I've knocked around. But if you really care for that girl the way you say you do, you'll start back for that island right now, without saying another word to her or to anybody else."

"I'll see."

When he returned to his hotel he found Clara Lair waiting for him.

SHE was dressed in the best simplicity that money could buy and she had a confidential quiet-grinning air. She greeted him as though they had a secret between them. He suggested that they might talk down there in the lobby, but she said, "Certainly not," and, at once demure and firm, led him toward the elevators. She took his arm as she did so. "There is absolutely nothing wrong, in this day and age," she said, "with a lady going up to his hotel room with a gentleman. Besides, what chance has anybody got to make a scene with a strong silent mysterious exile from the enchanted isles?"

"Mangareva's not particularly enchanted."

"Never mind. I want to talk to

you, and I don't want a crowd of people around."

He ordered drinks, and when he turned away from the telephone it was to see her in the middle of the floor, hands on hips, head a bit to one side. She had refused the chair he offered her.

"You see, I'm a woman, Mr. Smith. So of course I'm dying of curiosity to know how you happened to come to New York so soon after we saw you in Rikitea, when you said you thought you'd never come back, and how you happened to meet Janet."

Properly he should have answered that it was none of her business, but he saw no sense in angering her. Clara Lair was dynamite; and if Strachey started to say what he thought, he might go on.

He shrugged and said, "Oh, it's all very prosaic. I had to come to New York to settle some affairs, and I ran into Janet."

"By accident?"

He did not answer.

"Are you going back, Mr. Smith?"

Now he exploded:

"Say, look here! Whether I come to New York, and whether I meet your cousin, and whether I go back or not, is entirely up to me!"

OF course it is. I—I'm so sorry." She was notably pretty at just that moment, and she knew it. Her lovely tiny hands were clasped in front of her, the fingers squeezed white. She even had the beginning of tears in her eyes. She was doll-like, a helpless frightened girl. "I know I haven't any right to come prying into your affairs. But I just— Please don't snap at me."

He said, "Well . . ." hating her, knowing that she was using her size without shame, yet feeling, despite this, a brute.

"I didn't mean to offend you. I only came because I thought you might find New York sort of confusing after all those years in such an out-of-the-way place, and you might be feeling lonesome and blue."

"I'm finding plenty to keep me busy," he replied shortly. "Here are our drinks. . . . Come in!"

She was furious then, a flame of rage, so she smiled brightly. She sat down, smiling, and put her hands in her lap, not squeezing them any longer but folding them demurely. She paid no attention to the drink he placed next to her.

As soon as the bellboy had gone, she said swiftly in her usual high voice, "You've made yourself clear. Now, what about the pearls?"

"What pearls?"

She was still smiling. "Don't be silly. The ones Janet was wearing last night."

"They're hers."

This time she did not even take the trouble to prefix, "Don't be silly." She said: "From the very beginning I wanted to buy some pearls from you, but you turned me down. I don't know why, but I suppose you

I've checked the financing cost; the insurance we get—and what we pay for it; and the payment arrangements convenient to us. Then I figured out the total cost myself! There! You see! We figure our own time payment plan and save money, too.

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had your reasons. Just the same, I knew you had some. And I knew I wanted them. Well, I still do. Now that I've seen them, I want them more than ever."

"They're not for sale," he said.

"I'll pay well for them."

"They're not for sale."

She did not argue. She did not waste time. Here was a man she could not "get around," and being no fool she acknowledged this promptly, falling back only long enough to seize a surer weapon. It must be repeated that Clara Lair was more than merely rich; hers was one of the truly great fortunes. Nor did she show any more scruples in its use than her father and grandfather had shown when they amassed it. Her influence went far; and she was not a woman to pull her scratches.

"All right," she said quietly. "I was hoping we could do business; but if you feel that way. . . . You see, I'm worried about Janet. Janet hasn't been very nice to me, deserting me the way she did as soon as we got back, but I'm very fond of her all the same and I wouldn't like to see her get into any trouble."

THE shift puzzled him. Women were the damnedest things! He stared at her.

"What do you mean?"

She still paid no attention to the drink. Her hands were folded in her lap. There was resignation in her attitude, for she could endure the ingratitude of friends. But she knew her duty.

"That necklace is worth a lot of money, and I can't help wondering about it. She had it here before you arrived. Somebody must have paid a mighty big customs fee to get it in. I know it couldn't have been Janet, of course. Janet, poor dear, didn't have that much. Perhaps it entered this country legally. I hope so, but I don't know. I wouldn't want to see poor Janet get into any trouble over it. And another thing: I'm a little worried about you."

Strachey realized that if Clara looked into the matter she would inevitably find out the stratagems Janet had employed to get the pearls through the customs in bond and still keep Clara from knowing that she had them. This knowledge would make a breach between the cousins that never could be closed, and if he did what he planned, Janet might be forced to accept Clara's dubious generosity.

In that moment he knew Clara must not discover the truth. To gain time, he picked up her last remark:

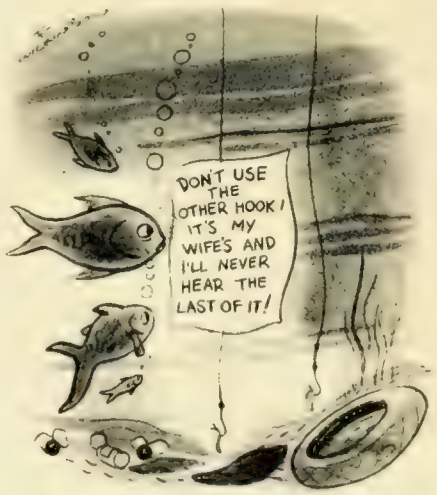
"Oh, you're worried about me too, are you?"

"Well, about Janet being seen with you. I'm not saying a word against you, understand! But still, at the same time, Janet might be a bit foolish. A woman can't be too careful these days. It has always seemed strange to me that you were hiding away on that island all those years and didn't want to even meet us. And I remember how flustered you got when I asked if I could take your picture. Possibly I'm wrong—I sincerely hope I am. But, just the same, I think it would be a good plan to have some experienced organization investigate you."

Knowing when to stop, she stopped. She had, of course, been bluffing. She had not known who owned the necklace, who had brought it into the country, and whether the duty had been paid. Neither had she known whether Strachey had a criminal record. Her guesses were shrewd, and she had very carefully watched Strachey's reaction.

She had him now. If she did not smirk in triumph, it was only because smirking did not become her.

She rose, lifted her drink, swallowed a ladylike amount of it, and gazed at him as she did so out of the



tops of her eyes. She put the drink down, drew on gloves.

"So you see?"

"I see," he said.

It was not Clara Lair with the pearls that he saw. In finishing the necklace, in seeing it worn as it should be worn, he had completed the work of René Claessens, except for final disposal of the pearls. But this woman was not going to wear them. She was not going to flaunt those pearls in a New York that also held Janet. She was not going to humiliate Janet that way.

He was going to surrender himself. He knew this now. He had made up his mind. If he did, Clara would never bother to find out about Janet's bringing in the pearls.

She asked, "So, should we do business?"

"No," he replied; "I don't think we'll do any business."

ON the way from his hotel to Janet's he was almost run down by a small black sedan. Going downtown on Madison Avenue, it seemed to spring forward at Strachey as he stepped off the curb. He jumped back barely in time: a fender actually brushed the loose of his coat. "Guy must be drunk," somebody muttered. "Ought to get pinched, driving like that." Somebody else had got three numerals of the license, and offered this to Strachey, who shook his head.

"Too much trouble."

"That's just why guys get away with things like that," the man said severely. "It's because guys like you won't take the trouble to appear against them."

Strachey, if the truth were told, was almost wishing that he *had* been knocked down and killed. It would have saved everybody a lot of pain.

A FEW minutes later, up in her room—it was the first time he'd ever been there—he faced Janet and saw that she had been weeping. No doubt, like him, she'd not had much sleep.

"We're not going out tonight?" she asked, pointedly referring to his clothes.

"No. I have—other business." He wanted to hold her, to squeeze and kiss her, to come out with everything. With an effort that made him tremble, he did not move toward her. "I told you I was going to think it out and let you know."

Tonelessly she said, "Yes?"

"Well, I have. I—I'm afraid our association is finished. It's nothing you've done. It's my own fault." He drew out his wallet. It was so difficult to be cold! "You had every reason to think that it would last longer than this, and it's only fair that I pay you three weeks' bonus. Don't you think so?"

She did not answer, and did not glance at the money when he put it on a table.

After a while she said softly, catchily: "Won't you—why don't you—"

He cut in with a harsh, "And that will, of course, terminate all obligations we might have had toward each other. There's only one thing more." He held out his hand. "Please give me back the pearls."

She looked up—looked directly at him. It frightened both of them.

"I can't do that," she said. "I haven't got them. They've been stolen!"

Not believing it, for it didn't seem possible, he asked her again. Stolen, she repeated. Sometime that afternoon. She had been about to report the theft to the management.

The necklace, until then, had seemed the only dependable thing in his life. He had worked so long over those pearls, counted and weighed them so often, thought so much about them, that they had come to seem to him fixed, indestructible. He had no more supposed that they could be lost to him than that truth could be lost to the world, or happiness, or beauty.

Blinking, he said, "Oh"; and for a while he said nothing else.

Now he could not see Claude Joubet and finally discharge himself of his obligation to René before he gave himself up.

They were gone! The fact, which had at first bewildered him, he shrugged off. He literally did shrug.

"Oh, well," he said. "Perhaps it's best that way."

She had turned her back, and he saw with a start that she was weeping. He went to her quickly. He put hands on her shoulders.

"Never mind, Janet. It isn't worth crying about."

She looked up, wild hope flaring in her eyes, though the tears still came. She tried to say something, then shook her head. She hooked a finger into the neck of her dress and drew forth the pearls.

THERE they were, all fifty-seven of them, strung as Strachey had strung them in Mangareva, and with the clasp he had bought in San Francisco. There they were, lovely as ever. Janet handed them to him.

"I—I don't understand," he said blankly.

They glowed, a mass of creamy-pink light, in his cupped hands. The girl had turned away. What she said, presently, was strained past sobs she did not allow to break:

"I had begun to hate them."

"Hate them? But why hate pearls?"

"I loved them at first because they're so beautiful and because they were the cause of my seeing so much of you. But I've got my pride, Strachey. If I could have been indifferent to you, it would have been all right. But I wasn't. And I wasn't going to take second place even to a necklace like that." She added fiercely, though not turning: "I wanted to be a woman! Don't you understand? A woman—not just a neck!"

"But I told you last night—or I tried to tell you—"

"And that's why I said just now that I'd lost them. I wanted to see how you'd act. I'm jealous. I can't help it. I'm jealous of a string of pearls! They were what brought us together in the first place, but they're also what's been keeping us apart. At least, that's what I thought. . . . But anyway I wasn't going to go on with our—our business proposition. I couldn't. Not feeling the way I did. I shouldn't tell you all this, but it's the only way I can explain."

Quite naturally then he took her in his arms, and he kissed her for a long while. He did this with a feeling of relief, though he knew that they would both suffer the more for it later.

He released her suddenly.

"Hell!" he said. "I wish I'd known before."

He went to a window and stared down. It had been half raining, half snowing, and piecrusts of dirty slush sprawled in the gutters. The street, into which twilight never entered, perhaps because it was afraid to do so, was already illuminated by electricity. Daylight lingered on the roofs, but this was a condition with which the street had nothing to do. The tops of cars, wet, glittered; and signs snapped and winked. The snarl of horns sounded far away, but it was insistent.

She asked, "Why do you wish you'd known before?"

"Because then I would have been able to resist the temptation to do what I did just now. Kiss you, I mean."

"Oh . . . are you sorry you did that?"

"Yes. And the reason why I'm sorry is because I love you."

He stayed there at the window. He was glad there was no light in the room. It made it easier when he told her about Jenkie La Rue.

She did not cry out. It was as though she had known all along that he was a murderer and had lacked but the details.

"I was only a kid and not half as smart as I thought I was, and it was big stuff to me to know Walt Morgan and be admitted to a game like that. I wasn't drunk. I'd had two drinks, that's all. But I was nervous; I was excited. And when Jenkie La Rue kept being nasty, and finally came around the table toward me, I suppose I lost my head. Somebody yelled, "Look out! He's got a gun!" And then I found that I was holding a gun myself, and I fired it. It wasn't mine, of course. I've never owned a pistol in my life. But, as Walt says, the rest of the players will testify the way the cops want them to, and I won't have a chance. I wish now that I'd stood my ground and gone right to the police that very night and told my story. But I didn't."

WHAT he blamed himself for most, he tried to explain, was the fact that he'd involved her.

"As long as I was going to do such a crazy thing as come back to New York for a while, I should have done it the way you suggested in the first place. I should have hired a professional model. That would have really put it on a business basis, as I thought I wanted. And then I wouldn't have had it on my conscience. The publicity might even have done a model good—probably would."

He heard her ask, "What publicity? You're not caught."

"No, and I'm not going to be. I'm going to give myself up. That's the reason why I wanted to take these pearls tonight."

"*No! No!*"

She was holding him, putting her arms around his neck.

"You can't give yourself up, Strachey! *No!*"

"It's better than having them come and take me. Even if I went back to Mangareva, they'd do that. Because of your charming cousin. I didn't tell you about the visit I've just had from her, did I?"

He told her about it. He pointed out, unnecessarily, that Clara Lair meant what she said. She would have him investigated, learn who he was, report him.

"Sell her the pearls, then!"

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Slice leftover roast pork, ham, veal or beef about ¼ inch thick. Dip each slice in Heinz Tomato Ketchup—then in to crumbled Heinz Rice Flakes—coating completely. Fry in hot fat to a golden brown. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve with vegetables, fruit salad, and a light dessert!

57

Heinz TOMATO *Ketchup*

"And cheat René Claessens? No. And even if I did, I couldn't bear having her wear them in front of you, Janet."

"I won't be here! I don't want to stay here if you go away. I'll go with you. After we've gotten rid of the pearls!"

It made him happy to hear that. He had no hope, but it gave him a feeling of happiness. He shook his head and kissed her.

"You're better to me than I deserve, after the way I've acted."

"I love you! Do I have to shout that in your ear? Do I have to do everything?"

Still he shook his head.

"It's very wonderful of you. I wish I could tell you how happy it makes me. But we can't do it."

"Why not? I'd love Mangareva! I loved it when I was there before. I'd never ask for anything else."

"You don't know how it is. There'd be so much time to think about things. . . . Whenever a boat was sighted, we'd be frightened—we'd hide. The nervous strain would tear us to pieces. How could we ever trust your cousin, no matter what she promised? We'd go mad! I know. I had eight years of it, remember. And I know now that I couldn't condemn you to a life like that. No!"

He stepped away from her, which was the hardest thing he had ever done.

"I—I'm sorry. If only love could conquer everything, and all that, it would be O. K. But love can't, and you know it and I know it. It's just because I do love you so much that I'm going. I'll leave the pearls with you. Take the string to Joubet. He'll do what's wise. Try not to treat me too rough in your memory. I never meant to hurt you, darling. I was just stupid. Good-by."

He ran out of the room. He really ran.

TEN minutes later he entered his own hotel room. Before he went to the police there were a few things he wished to get, a few matters to be straightened out. It wouldn't take long.

He threw the light switch, but there was no light. The connection between these facts did not at first impress him, occupied as he was by grim thoughts. He felt, if anything, only annoyed. Irritably he clicked the switch back and forth.

It made a noise but not a loud enough noise to exclude the quick catch of breath just behind his left shoulder.

Suddenly alert, he ducked.

Something hit him between the shoulder blades—something heavy, no doubt intended for his head.

Will Clara carry out her threats? Who is trying to get Strachey Smith out of the way? And why? Next week light begins to dawn and Strachey makes some amazing discoveries. Don't miss this thrilling chapter in a baffling mystery!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

TEN per cent of New York's entire population consists of girls between the ages of seven and eighteen. In the event of war they will be called upon to take over many household tasks so that older women may be released for Red Cross duty and industrial defense. Recruiting the young ones to wartime strength—just in case—is the important job undertaken by Eleanor Edson, newly appointed Metropolitan Director of the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York. Length of that official title was a bit too much for a dear old lady who knew Miss Edson once had been a college teacher of music (Converse College, South Carolina). "Why, Eleanor!" she exclaimed. "Are you *really* going to be Director of the Metropolitan Opera?" . . . Miss Edson gave me an interesting account of the way the Girl Scouts are organizing. "Each local group," she said, "selects some activity connected with the national defense program and specializes in it. Scouts are trained to take care of babies and small children, to practice first aid, to cook and sew adequately. The girls are taught how to manage panic-stricken people in emergency. They know the principles of helping to restore order." . . . Somerset Maugham, in his book, France at War, pays great tribute to the work of the French Girl Guides. It's encouraging to know we have more than half a million Girl Scouts in this country already, and that their enrollment is growing rapidly. Until her recent appointment Miss Edson was a New York bank executive, also National Treasurer for the Girl Scouts.

★ Out of all wars come stories of the supernatural. A friend of mine has arrived here from the much bombed county of Hampshire, England, with a report of an ancestral ghost that ignores bombardment with true British bravery. Formerly the family ghost haunted the barn; was said to toss hay in the dead of night. Now the barn has been blown to smithereens; the family hides in a cellar. Yet, faithful through fire and fury, their ghost condescends to haunt them still, in their brand-new bomb shelter. . . . English ghosts are good ghosts to believe in.

★ Easter comes late this year—13th of April. Last year it came early—March 24. I like a mid-April Easter, bright with spring flowers, sunny and warm—I hope. . . . Newest gift perfumes this season are Matchabelli's *Easter Lily* in purple-and-white package, from $1.25. . . . Lengyel's *Scarlet Shawl*, aromatic as mixed spices, bottle with atomizer of daytime scent, $2.50. . . . Ann Haviland's *White Daphne*, daintily satisfying, $2.50 for the toilet water, $5.50 for the perfume. . . . Mary Dunhill's elusively sweet *White Hyacinthe*, $3. . . . *Castle* bottle of true violet from Mary Chess, $3.75.

★ Perhaps to counterbalance wartime seriousness, smart feminine lapels are now adorned with the craziest of pin ornaments alongside patriotic emblems. Popular pin novelties include: a row of enamel ladybugs, monkey strumming a harp, white sheep with foolish face, row of miniature mushrooms, a carrot, a strawberry, and a pear, rhinestone turtles, crabs, and starfish. . . . Next week I'll write about Easter hats.

★ Ladies' quiz question: What did Toplady do?

"It's Mommy, Johnny. Don't you remember Mommy in her blue dress?"

★ Ordinary codfish cakes are very nice indeed, but for a special Lenten treat try these *English Style Fish Cakes* combining smoked fish with fresh. They're richer, tastier, lighter—well worth the extra trouble it takes.

Flake 1 cup cooked fresh fish, any white variety such as flounder, haddock, or cod. Cold leftover fish is perfectly good. Now poach a fillet of smoked finnan haddie; flake and mix 1 cup of this with your 1 cup fresh fish. Add 1 cup mashed potato and 1 beaten egg. Salt and pepper, but go easy with the salt! Form into 8 cakes—2 for each portion. Dredge cakes in flour; fry quickly in hot butter, giving five minutes to each side.

These fish cakes are delicious when they are served with baked creamed cauliflower and spiced pickled beets.

★ Here's a snack of arithmetic to ease your Lenten fasting: If you're a normal eater, statisticians compute, by the time you reach fifty you will have tucked away at least 4,000 pounds of fish, fruit, eggs, and vegetables, 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 7,000 gallons of assorted drinks. Transport experts researching for the International Harvester Company's truck department tell me it would take 80 half-ton vegetable trucks, 320 butchers' trucks, 34 bread trucks, and 78 beverage trucks—a total of 512 trucks loaded to the customary 50-per-cent capacity—to carry the groceries you and *you* alone will consume up to your fiftieth birthday. Just imagine *that* motor cavalcade rolling past your home!

★ Ladies' quiz answer: Augustus M. Toplady wrote the words of the famous hymn, Rock of Ages.

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LIBERTY REPORTER TAKES 1,000 PRISONERS IN TOBRUK

One-man blitzkrieg! . . . The astonishing experience of a daring American under fire

BY ROBERT LOW

CAIRO, EGYPT.

THE shell from a six-inch gun of an Italian cruiser in harbor whistled overhead and landed about twenty feet behind us. It shook the dugout a little and brought down a cloud of dust, but that didn't matter.

"Not bad shooting for fourteen-thousand-yard range — that is if they're aiming at us," Mac remarked.

Then we settled down to wait for the next one. They always came over in groups of four. We'd already dodged a few hundred of them. And if they didn't drop any closer for just a few more hours, everything would be all right. The zero hour for the British attack was not far off and we would be moving up before dawn.

Outside we could hear the faint rumble of British tanks, armored cars, artillery, and troop transports creeping forward in a relentless stream across the western desert. Men and munitions had been brought up hundreds of miles along Mussolini's "Victory Highway" which skirted the coast of the Mediterranean, and now they were mushrooming out for the final assault of one of the few remaining Italian strongholds in Libya. Around the seaport town of Tobruk stretched a semicircular series of heavy defenses for a distance of twenty-five miles. Somewhere in this perimeter a gap would be made. All roads of escape from Tobruk were closed by British patrols.

The zero hour of the attack had been a carefully guarded secret and I had come up to this advance post with Mac, a British war correspondent, so we'd be sure of a ringside seat for the big event. For three days and nights we had been waiting for the curtain to go up, sitting in our little desert home known as Journey's End. It was nothing more than a shallow trench with a tarpaulin and a few rocks across the top. Vacated by the Italians only a day before we moved in, the atmosphere was not exactly perfumed with attar of roses. And, worst of all, our supply of water had run out days ago and the nearest uncontaminated well was 200 miles away. So we were living exclusively on captured Chianti, which isn't a bad drink at times, but it has its limits, and first thing in the morning is one of them.

The only thing to be said for desert warfare is that no innocent bystanders get shot. Aside from that humanitarian aspect, it has no virtues. You usually find yourself either freezing to death at night, dying of the heat during the day, or suffocating from the hamsin, a violent sandstorm which blows up from Central Africa. And the question of supply is enough to put any quartermaster into a strait jacket. Imagine an army fighting in Death Valley with its nearest base in Salt Lake City and the world's worst highway linking them up, and you have a rough idea of this campaign.

When the Italian shelling stopped we walked forward to the edge of the escarpment to watch the army assembling for the big push. It was a perfect night for bombing. The moonlight etched each target against the background of white sand. And there were plenty of targets. Surely the Italian Air Force won't miss a chance like this, I thought. But throughout the night the British advance went unchallenged from the air. Toward the beleaguered town were five ridges, each about a mile in depth. In the gallery of this "theater of war" was an airdrome where R. A. F. planes were ready to begin their bombing attacks; in the balcony the heavy artillery; in the loges the infantry; tanks and armored cars in the orchestra seats—and on the stage the battleground and the Italians.

Suddenly and with a mighty roar the overture began. Hundreds of field guns, wheel to wheel along the ridge, started laying down a "hurricane barrage." For two hours this

"I was thinking this must be the deepest shelter in the world when I walked into a cellar full of Italians."

continuous hammering of the Italian lines was to go on. And while each British gun crew, stripped to the waist, rammed home nine shells a minute, the first phase of the battle would take place under cover of the barrage.

The "Maginot Line" of Tobruk consisted of concrete forts, pillboxes, machine-gun nests, tank traps, and deep ditches. Before the infantry could attack, these ditches had to be filled in and the barbed wire cut. By now the Royal Engineers were crawling across the two miles of no man's land loaded down with shovels, wire-clippers, hand grenades, and long cylinders of TNT. Italian shells were whistling over in reply to the barrage and the sky above Tobruk was filled with whirling streams of red and green tracer as R. A. F. bombers attempted to silence the batteries.

We crept forward to the front line of tanks by the light of the British gun flashes which seemed like a solid curtain of flame for ten miles.

The engineers had been gone for hours. In another forty-five minutes it would be dawn, and if they were caught then on the doorstep of the Italian defenses they'd stand even less chance than they did now.

Occasionally there was the staccato bark of machine guns from the Italian positions, and a worried young captain standing beside us would curse softly.

"There should be an explosion when they set off the TNT. At least then we'll know they're on their way back."

He stopped to listen as the machine-gun fire became particularly active.

"The hellish part of this job is filling in that tank ditch. The Italians keep scores of dogs in it, and as soon as you get up close the dogs start barking. Then all they do is open up with their machine guns on a set line of fire."

Finally there was the flash of an explosion on the fringe of the defenses. And soon, in twos and threes, the engineers came straggling back, grimy and exhausted and carrying their wounded. It had been a tough job, as the dead they had left behind mutely testified, but the vital gap had been made.

It was only a few minutes to zero hour, and a momentary silence fell over the battlefield as the artillery prepared to set up a creeping barrage for the infantry to follow. Already the advance guard, the Australian forces, were coming up past us, clutching their rifles in one hand and in the other a white tape which led out to the gap. They were singing as they moved along in single file. And they were still singing the same song twenty minutes later when they made their bayonet attack. It must have given the Italians quite a shock suddenly to see the tall leathery Aussies come charging like demons out of the haze of dawn singing We're Off to See the Wizard of Oz.

Next to move up were the British tanks. With bright flags fluttering in the morning breeze from their radio masts, they moved off stiffly, like steel-encased Crusaders with lances held aloft. Then the main body of Aussies swarmed over the defenses and it was time for us to get moving too. We jumped onto the back of a supply truck headed for the fighting inside the perimeter. Crossing the gap, we could see the bodies of the British and Italian dead, limp and unreal, like the scarecrow in the Wizard. It seemed incredible that these Italian defenses had fallen in just a few hours. Coming down onto the plateau above the town itself, we passed more than 3,000 Italian prisoners marching along, four abreast. Guarding this long column was one Australian who gave us a "thumbs up."

The battle was still going strong inside the perimeter and a terrific artillery duel was taking place. Then something happened I'd rather not have seen. The Italian prisoners, now a few hundred yards behind us, had just reached a sort of corral near the ridge when suddenly one of their own forts opened fire upon them. Within a minute twenty or more shells landed in the center of the tightly packed mass, and several hundred lay dead or wounded. It was unbelievable that the Italian gunners could have mistaken them for British troops. No attacking army in the world would group its men in that way. Besides, the prisoners were in clear view of the Italian observation posts. Later I asked an Australian officer if he thought the shelling was deliberate.

"Personally, I am convinced it is," he said. "The Italian gunners are the elite of the army and are always the last to surrender. That seems to be

Italian prisoners under British guard—and not woefully unhappy about it. In Tobruk 1,000 just like them surrendered to Mr. Low.

their way of getting even with the men who surrender too soon. The same thing happened at Sidi Barrani and Bardia."

Perhaps the idea was to create panic behind the British lines by causing the prisoners to run amok. Perhaps it was a mistake after all. I don't know.

Overhead the sky looked as though it had measles. Puffs from antiaircraft shells were thick above Tobruk, and leisurely tootling along right in the midst, at a height of about 3,000 feet, was a British observation plane known to the troops as "Lizzie."

A sight I never expected to see in the middle of a battlefield was the arrival of an army mail truck delivering letters to the troops. As each unit received its mail the fighting stopped in that sector for five or ten minutes while the Aussies laid aside their bayonets to see how things were going down in Sydney.

AT field headquarters the brigadier commanding the attack was pondering over a difficult problem—a question of etiquette.

"I'm up on all the procedure with army officers," he explained to us. "In fact, I captured one general in the last war and two major generals, so far, in this one. But I've never captured an admiral, and the senior officer in Tobruk is an admiral and he will surrender the city when it falls. Now, when a general surrenders to you he hands you his sword and you hand it back to him. But you can't hand an admiral back his ship."

The brigadier, however, didn't have to worry about the ship for long. The admiral ordered the Italian cruiser set afire along with a large ocean liner and other vessels in the harbor.

Shortly before dusk the advance troops had reached a line three miles from the town. Fighting was over until the next day, so Mac and I looked around for a "better 'ole." A camp of small stone huts built into the sides of a gully just off the main road looked like a pretty good spot. We picked one of the huts that looked like the officers' mess and walked in.

I don't know who were more surprised—the five Italian officers sitting around the table or ourselves. Probably we were, because they simply rose from the table, bowed politely to us, shrugged their shoulders, and then picked up their suitcases and walked out without a word. We followed them out the door and watched as they marched up the road toward the British lines.

That night we settled down to our first hot meal in almost a week. And where a Scotsman like Mac learned to make such magnificent spaghetti and sauce Bolognese I don't know. If it hadn't been for his Harry Lauder accent, any one would suspect him of being a fifth columnist.

After dinner we were enjoying the sensation of being grossly overfed for a change when a faint but insistent cry for help penetrated our stupor. Searching among the rocks and bushes, we discovered a wounded Italian soldier and carried him back to the hut. He was just a youngster and he was very badly wounded.

It was obvious he would die soon if he didn't receive proper medical attention, but as far as we knew there wasn't a British hospital, Red Cross unit, or ambulance within miles. There was a first-aid box in the corner of the hut, and while Mac dug around for bandages I mixed a strong sedative which at least would relieve his pain. But when I tried to get him to drink it, he turned his head away and groaned, "*Non, non.*"

Perhaps he had been told he would be killed if he was taken prisoner, and thought I was trying to poison him. Or perhaps he was frightened of taking medicine from any one but a doctor. The more I persuaded him to drink the more upset he became, so I gave up.

"Looks like Wilbur's appeasement program is a little late."

There was only one hope. The hospital in Tobruk was much closer to the camp than any British unit. If we could find some Italians, they could carry him to the town. We reasoned that if there were five officers hiding in one hut, there'd be more in some of the others. And we were right.

In a short time we rounded up four prisoners and in sign language and a few words of Italian made them understand what they were to do. Three agreed readily, but the fourth refused. In broken French he told us he was an officer and could not be made to carry ordinary soldiers around. But when Mac threatened to knock several of his teeth out, he changed his mind.

The youngster was losing his grip as they carried him out into the night. He was crying softly.

We saw the kid just once more, a few miles down the road the next morning. His eyes were shut, his arms folded, and on his bare chest a silver crucifix glittered in the morning sun.

Throughout the night the sky over Tobruk was red with the glow of a hundred fires. Ships, petrol dumps, wharves, and transport depots were being destroyed. In the morning what had been a gleaming white modern colonial settlement was now a mass of charred, smoldering ruins. British bombs and artillery had started the job and the Italian wrecking crew had finished it.

Walking down the road, we saw a large Diesel truck coming toward us from Tobruk. There was the screech of brakes and three Italians jumped out waving white handkerchiefs.

"That truck's just what we need," I said to Mac. "Let's get these boys to show us how it works and drive it back into Tobruk."

A few minutes later we were rumbling down the highway, wondering whether the Aussies or the Italians—or both—would take a pot shot at us. The Australians had not yet moved forward and the town had not yet surrendered. We were in between.

Just outside the town itself a British staff car was drawn up by the side of the road and the brigadier and another officer were watching the progress of two British light tanks which were clearing up machine-gun nests in the streets of Tobruk. After ten minutes things seemed to be comparatively peaceful and the brigadier decided he'd take a chance on going in, even though the advance troops were still a considerable distance behind. When we asked if we could take our truck on in, he said, "I don't mind what you do. Just remember the admiral surrenders to me."

THE streets were littered with rubble and here and there fires still blazed merrily. But the town seemed completely deserted, though somewhere there were at least 10,000 soldiers and sailors. Passing the police station, a figure in the uniform of the Royal Australian Air Force stepped out and waved.

"How did you get here so soon?" we shouted.

"I've been here nine days," he answered. "And I guess I must be Britain's first fifth columnist, because I've been talking the Italians into an awful state of depression ever since I was taken prisoner. I got two hundred of the local gendarmes locked in the cells right now."

At naval headquarters the admiral, complete with white gloves and medals, was waiting in an imposing hallway surrounded by a retinue of vice-admirals and generals. As we walked through the doorway the Italians snapped to attention and saluted. The brigadier returned the salute and the admiral made his formal speech of surrender. The trouble was, no one could understand his English. As an afterthought he mentioned that the town was full of land mines and booby traps and it might not be too healthy to wander around.

"I'll give you exactly fifteen minutes to remove every one of them," the brigadier answered.

While waiting for the streets to be cleared, I wandered around the barracks and found a stairway leading

to the air-raid shelter and went down to have a look. After living in London you become a connoisseur. I had come down five flights of stairs and was just thinking this must be the deepest shelter in the world when I walked right into a cellar full of Italians. No wonder we hadn't seen any one on the streets.

There was dead silence as a thousand pairs of eyes stared at my British uniform. I stared back, wondering whether they had heard of the surrender. If they hadn't, one of them might easily start shooting, particularly if I started backing out without a word.

Taking prisoners isn't any part of a war correspondent's job—but these men were already prisoners even though they might not know it. So at the top of my voice I shouted, "*Alti mano!*" which somebody had told me meant "Hands up!" Somebody was right, because their hands went up instantly. What do I do next? I wondered. They'd be happier without their guns and so would I. Again I shouted in a parade-ground voice, this time, "*Pistola automatica,*" and pointed downward. Immediately there was a clatter of a few hundred guns dropping to the ground. I felt better after that, so I motioned that they were to follow me up the stairs, which they did.

"I've got about a thousand prisoners coming up, sir," I reported to the brigadier. "What do you want done with them?"

He looked a little surprised but answered in a loud voice, "Just tell them to assemble in the courtyard. They can't escape because we have the barracks surrounded."

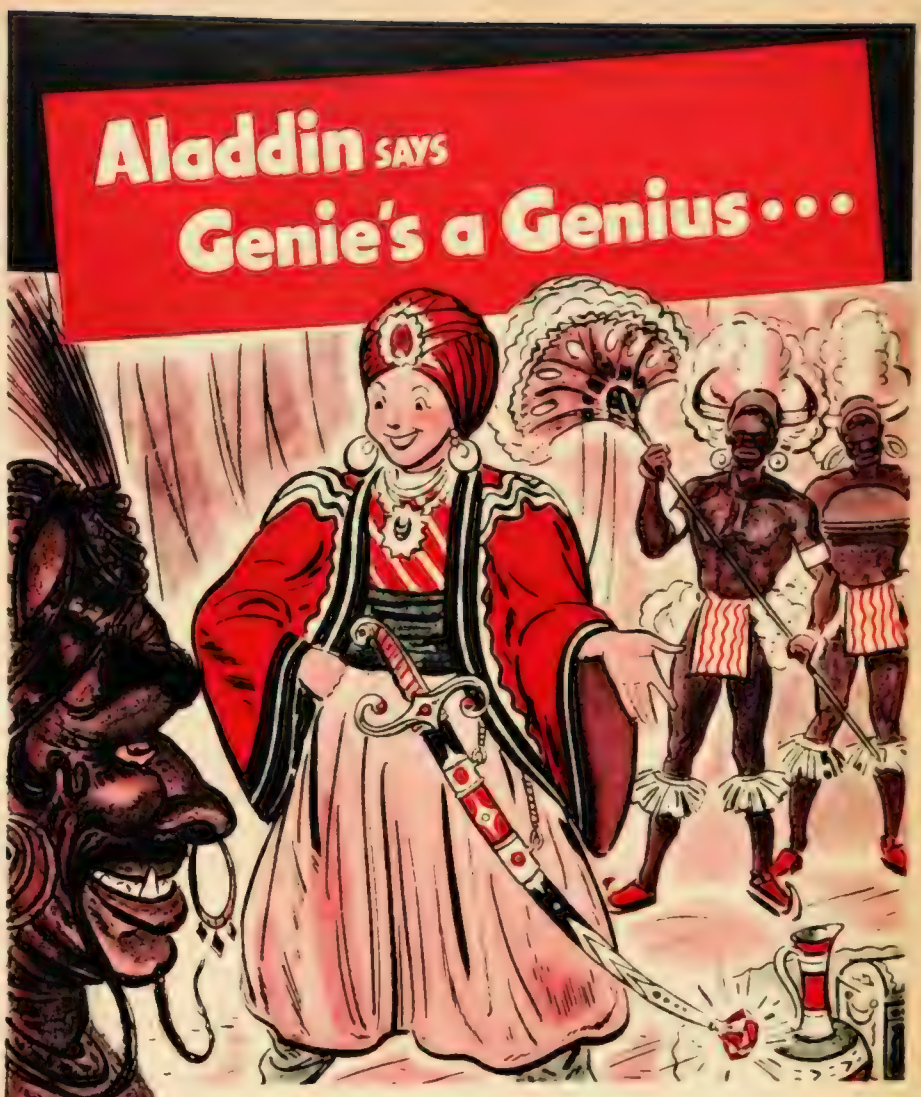
Then he gave me a big wink. And I knew why—there were exactly five British officers and two correspondents within a couple of miles.

THERE must have been a mind reader among the Italians, because, as Mac and I walked across the empty courtyard, two shots suddenly rang out and we dropped to the ground in a hurry. We waited for more but none came. And just then all the prisoners started streaming out of the building with their hands in the air and the bland expression of choirboys on their faces. Not one of them had a gun. We made sure of that. And those were the last shots fired in the Battle of Tobruk.

Within thirty hours of the beginning of the attack the British had taken 20,000 prisoners, seized great stocks of war materials, gained control of an important citadel and thus several thousand square miles of territory and a harbor. All this was accomplished with a force considerably smaller than the Italian.

That afternoon a dusty footsore Aussie spent some time making a change on the whitewashed corners of buildings along Tobruk's main street. He was pretty proud of his handiwork. What had formerly been Via Mussolini was now Via Ned Kelly.

THE END



You remember Aladdin? The poor tailor's son who found the magic lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Genie appeared and granted Aladdin's every wish.

One day at lunch . . . presto! Genie appeared. "Hey," said Aladdin, "why are you here? I didn't rub the lamp."

"I know it," replied Genie, "but it rubs me the wrong way to see you eating all soft food. Take this Dentyne and chew some often. Its extra chewiness gives your teeth needed exercise and helps protect them from tartar and decay. And that richly satisfying taste is real flavor magic."

"That's fine!" said Aladdin.

"Don't forget," answered Genie. "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

Moral: You too should take the Genie's advice. Try Dentyne for distinctive flavor and to help brighten your teeth . . . And don't overlook its handy, flat, flavortite package — so easy to share.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE...MOUTH HEALTHY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART TEN

The Dictator They Asked For

December 21, 1937. At a luncheon given us today as a farewell by Dr. Schacht, conversations were as free and critical as I have ever heard in Germany. Dr. Schacht's removal from his directorship of the Economics Ministry may be taken as one cause. But the head of the International General Electric Company here, as well as others from banks and industrial plants, were even more outspoken. They were most fearful of the Hitler regime. One thing which worried the electric company chief was the order by Hitler to give up his great administrative building, which represents a 10,000,000-mark investment for the company. The company is to be allowed only 6,000,000 marks. He said he told Hitler's official spokesman: "Then I will leave Germany and settle in eastern France." What Hitler said when told this was not stated, but it is clear enough that the electric man would be imprisoned if he tried to leave Germany.

Makings of a Good American?

Schacht spoke of the defeat of Germany in 1918 as wholly due to Woodrow Wilson's bringing America into the World War. "But," I said, "Wilson's Fourteen Points were the one great promise of international peace and co-operation, and every country on both sides helped to defeat his purpose. Don't you think Wilson, fifty years from now, will be regarded as one of the greatest Presidents the United States has ever had?" He evaded an answer but turned his attention to the Japanese-Chinese war and opposed Germany's alliance with Japan. Then he showed the true German attitude: "If the United States would stop the Japanese war and leave Germany to have her way in Europe, we would have world peace."

I did not comment and others also failed to make remarks. Schacht meant what the army chiefs of 1914 meant when they invaded Belgium, expecting to conquer France in six weeks: *i. e.*, domination and annexation of neighboring little countries, especially north and east. Much as he dislikes Hitler's dictatorship, he, as most other eminent Germans, wishes annexation, without war if possible, with war if the United States will keep hands off. Much as I admire Schacht for some of his courageous acts, I am now afraid he would not make a good American if he migrated.

Schacht's Life in Danger

December 23. Yesterday a most responsible official here from the old regime and still in office came to see me. He is in a position to know a great deal about the drift of things in Hitler's autocracy. He said close friends reported to him that Dr. Schacht is apt to be killed any time, especially next spring. I heard this rumor yesterday. It has been repeated since by another visitor. I wonder if I should send a confidential note warning Schacht before I leave.

Today the Minister from Switzerland came to say farewell. He talked of his country and its dangerous position: "Propaganda for Nazi annexation to Germany goes on there all the time, and my government does not dare to try to stop it. The Germans plan to annex Austria peaceably, or even by war ultimately if necessary, and I see no way to avoid another great war unless the United States, England, and France cooperate without further delay."

"Where race hatreds are cultivated daily": Julius Streicher excoriating Jews before a crowd that packed the Berlin Sportspalast. At right: Adolf Hitler and Ambassador Dodd.

AMBASSADO

"If the U. S. would leave Germany to have her way in Europe"—Revealingly the past speaks to the present

China Still Hopeful

A letter from the President today says he understood my position here and my need to remain until March 1, as I had explained to him at his Hyde Park home, but the German Foreign Office had compelled him to recall me by January 1. This was not wholly surprising, except for my talk two weeks ago with von Neurath, who is very clever and who practically denied any such intervention. I may be wrong, but I believe that Under-Secretary Welles may have used his influence with the President. I wrote the President as much today. While I know Hitler-Göring-Goebbels might

TO HITLER

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

wish my recall, I am sure the chiefs of the Foreign Office realize how free I would be in the United States to describe the system here in case I were asked to leave. Anyway, I am planning to learn the truth of things when I go to Washington. I have been told that Welles has been a definite irritation to the State Department ever since last May.

The Chinese Ambassador and his wife called this afternoon. He still hopes and pleads that the United States and England will put a stop to the Japanese murder of his people. He said he was leaving tonight for Paris. While he did not say so, I believe he is going to protest against French concessions to Japan in French zones of influence in China. I told him to repeat in Paris what he had told me.

Dodd Tries to Warn Schacht

December 26. I went to Dr. Schacht's house in Dahlem. I wished especially to see Schacht, whose life is said to be in danger; but he and his wife were away at their country home about fifty miles from Berlin. I left my card with a few words, carefully written, designed to suggest a possible conversation. More I did not dare say lest it endanger him more. As we came away from Schacht's home, Herbert Göring, nephew of the general who has taken Schacht's place as economic dictator, passed us, looking at our car. I am afraid he reported my visit to the government.

In the afternoon we gave a reception to all our staff people, the consular service people, military and naval attachés, and the journalists. There were some seventy guests. It was a delightful meeting.

I forgot to note that my wife and I went to the old Reichstag building on our way home from Schacht's house. There we saw the so-called anti-Communist pictures about which we had heard. It was the most shameful exhibit I have ever seen. No really intellectual person would ever put up such pictures as the thousands we saw, especially not in this famous old legislative hall. The pictures showed Communist contrivances in all countries in the world, and the Communists were all Jews. The pictures showed murders, rapes, thefts, revolutions, and seizures of governments. Not a crime one could think of but Jews and Communists were performing it. There were two or three thousand visitors present. I cannot see how any intelligent government official would allow such a show, which concluded with Mussolini and Hitler saving all mankind.

The Ambassador's Home-Coming —in a Retrospect

September 20, 1938. Having kept no daily account of things since I left Berlin, I must now review briefly what happened.

We left Berlin on December 29, driving to Hamburg to get on the Manhattan, an American ship. When we walked about the boat, we found that more than half of the second-class passengers were Germans hoping to locate in the United States. More than half of these were Jews. But at our table in the dining room there were several Nazis or Nazi sympathizers, one the wife of a Balkan Minister to London. She described to us the London situation, where there are apparently many aristocratic Fascists or Nazis now.

There were some interesting newspaper correspondents from Spain on board. They were going home to the United States hoping to tell the real truth about Mussolini's and Hitler's performances in that historic country. They are absolute opponents of Italian-German interference in Spain. I expressed my doubts that the American press would allow them to report just what was going on in that country.

His "Resignation or Recall"

On the last night of the year 1937 our ship set sail from Southampton for New York, where we arrived without serious storms on January 8. Before we reached the harbor, more than a score of journalists had managed to get on the ship and were urging all kinds of interviews. I could not give the facts about my resignation, or recall, or even about what I thought was being planned by Hitler, until my arrival in Washington and my interviews with the President and Secretary Hull.

When I saw the President and told him a little of what I thought of Under-Secretary Welles, no reply was made. When I talked with Secretary Hull, he confirmed in part what I

FIND OUT

NOW IF YOU'RE A VICTIM!

GINGIVITIS

4 OUT OF 5 May Be Too Late! Often Leads To Pyorrhea

If *your* gums are tender, sore and bleed—take heed right away! These are often signs of Gingivitis—a mild inflammation where the gums join the teeth. BUT many folks go on blindly neglecting this condition until it often leads to horrible Pyorrhea which *only* your dentist can help. It pays to visit your dentist every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection. At home—

Help Gums be Firmer
Teeth "Naturally" Bright

Massage your gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. This Forhan's effective TWO-WAY dental help—originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan—

1. Helps gums to be firmer—thus more able to ward off infection.
2. Cleans teeth to their "natural" lustre.
3. Helps remove acid film that often starts tooth decay.

Sound, sparkling teeth require firm gums. Start helping with Forhan's and massage *at once!* At drug and department stores. Week-end size 10¢.

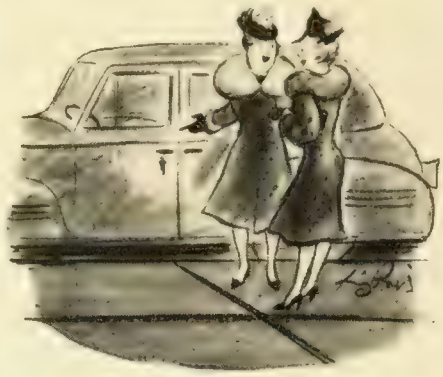
use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

thought had been done to recall me when it had been understood that I was to retire in March, 1938. For me to have gone back to Berlin on November 1, and for my wife to have spent over $1,000 for furniture, became a disgrace when I received notice on November 23 to return in January. . . .

"Night, When Deep Sleep Falleth"

On May 28 my wife failed to join me, as usual, at breakfast, and I discovered that she had died from a heart attack during the night in her room. It was the greatest shock that ever came to me. Nobody had dreamed that she had any serious



"I always hang the car keys there. It's so handy a place."

illness, although our physician in Berlin had warned her to climb steps slowly. She had a moderate heart trouble, and she had exerted herself socially more than I had. She was only sixty-two years old, and I was sixty-eight. But there she lay, stone-dead, and there was no help for it; and I was so surprised and sad I could hardly decide what to do.

The Axis vs. Civilization

I have been four and a half years in Europe with the hope of serving my country. How much one could do is an open question. The present-day world has learned nothing from the World War. Instead of keeping the treaties of 1919-23, nearly all peoples have violated them. Twice as much money is being spent now each year in preparation for another war as was spent in 1913, in spite of the fact that nearly all peoples are bearing the greatest debts known to history. Shall we be confronted by another world war? And would isolation be possible for any great industrial country?

With war preparations and the raising of trade barriers beyond anything known to modern history, another method of government has been adopted in Rome, Berlin, and Tokyo. Over that vast area freedom of religion has ceased to exist and universities no longer govern themselves. In a single country 1,600 professors and teachers in high schools have been dismissed. Leaders in several countries have undertaken to dismiss, expel, imprison, or kill Jews. There is no doubt that they have at times profiteered, but what other class or people has been free of such members? Any one who knows the facts of 1914-20 cannot forget that Jews fought bravely on both sides of the terrible war, and some outstanding members of the race gave millions of dollars to save the helpless, even starving, Germans in 1918-20.

"Could One Be Successful?"

In a vast region where religious freedom is denied, where intellectual initiative and discovery are not allowed, and where race hatreds are cultivated daily, what can a representative of the United States do? Democratic peoples must maintain their faiths at home; their representatives must try to improve international co-operation; and on proper occasions they must remind men of the importance of world peace, easier commercial relations, and the significance of democratic civilization for which peoples have struggled since the sixteenth century. With these ideals in mind, I felt that I must represent my country the best I could while dwelling among the Germans, who are by nature more democratic than any other great race in Europe.

Could one be successful? I made addresses on suitable occasions and described our international difficulties, never criticizing the government to which I had been sent. When invitations to partisan affairs were sent to me, I maintained the attitude which our country has maintained since the Presidency of George Washington. Was it the duty of representatives of democratic countries to attend conferences where democracy was ridiculed and attacked? I cannot think so.

And What Would War Leave?

The logical outcome of vast war preparations is another war, and what would another war leave of modern civilization? There are curious misunderstandings. Great business and industrial groups failed to recognize the necessity of international co-operation after 1920. Some of their chiefs defeated world peace efforts at Geneva more than once because they thought the sale of arms and war materials more important than world peace. Other groups insisted in 1923 and 1930 on trade barriers which made debt payments impossible. So many influential men have failed to see that inventions, industrial revolution, and financial relations have brought mankind to a point where co-operation and peace are the first conditions of prosperity for the masses of men everywhere.

How far have everyday Germans gone in accepting Hitler as a sort of messiah? On the other hand, how extensive has been the view that he is "a murderer"? The desire to kill him? The facts, as they stood not so long ago to the best of Ambassador Dodd's knowledge and belief, will be found in next week's, the closing installment of this memorable series.

The Craziest Monkey Ideas

Topsy-turvy paradise! A fantastic chronicle of dreams come true

BY CORNELIUS DeL. VEZIN

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

NEAR Miami, Florida, is a sight unmatched this side of Singapore. Racing through jungle branches, dozens of monkeys run wild. It's the humans who are caged. Visitors walk in a tunnel of chicken wire extending into the tangle of trees. As the billboard says back on the Dixie Highway:

See the MONKEY JUNGLE
YOU Are Caged
The Monkeys *RUN WILD*

All this has an explanation:

Let us go back to 1932, to a big commercial art establishment. An office boy is shouting, between giggles, "Another crate for you, Mr. Dumond!" All work stops at once. For the crate contains a live monkey!

In '32 Dumond was facing not only the depression but his own peculiar problem. From boss, friends, parents, in-laws, daily remarks scorched the ears of the young artist: "Dumond, if you'd drop your crazy ideas you'd get somewhere in this art business." "Joe, I can't see sense to this monkey stuff—it's just nutty." . . . And so on and so forth.

For here, in these hard times, Joe Dumond, instead of buying his babies new shoes, was collecting monkeys!

He was a nut. The kind of nut that's called a born naturalist. From earliest childhood Joe had always been burning with interest in wild life. Without formal training, he had been offered jobs in museums; he had even been on one of William Beebe's expeditions. But these had been openings to study merely birds, snakes, and so on. Joe's constant craving was to know man's nearest relatives, monkeys. And not caged in laboratories, zoos, and circuses, but *free*.

Joe is no Tarzan, is really quite "regular." But his neighbors in the suburb where he just kept a few monks in his cellar voted him Irregular Fellow No. 1. An outcast from restricted neighborhoods, Joe next tried the country. There the melting-pot idea worked better. The monkeys, after playing in the trees, always came back to the farmhouse for food and warmth. He was thereby encouraged in a secret scheme.

Finally he announced it: "I am going to found a colony of free monkeys, the first in America to live under natural conditions."

In a leading university, experts on apes warned him, "You can't possibly do it, Dumond. They *always* run away."

But Joe knew that in the Malay jungles a certain type, known as the "Java monkey," lives in tribes, each with its own range of territory having borders that they rarely cross. Dumond's were these nonmigratory Javas, somewhat similar to the common or "organ-grinder" monkey in appearance, though not otherwise. And they were cheap at the time, only twelve dollars apiece.

Finally, one summer day in 1932, the Dumonds, tailed or not, set out for Florida in a jaloppy to start their search for simian liberty. The expedition's capital was $243!

First of all, Dumond must select a suitable home . . . for his monkeys. With this in mind, he examined the "Cox hammock." Now, a hammock, to a Northerner, may be something to lie down in. But we have learned the following from sources usually found reliable: "Hammock (variation of 'hummock,' Southern U. S. Colloquial). A fertile tract abounding in hardwood vegetation." In the Miami area these clumps of jungle are often of unbelievable luxuriance. The Cox hammock, an especially rich example, would make an ideal primates' subdivision, totally unimproved. Dumond bought it, ten acres, for two hundred dollars.

For his wife and kids Joe built unaided a small house with lumber on credit. Then he got a job in Miami with a commercial art firm, a grind that was to continue for three long years.

The monkeys, turned loose near the hammock, at once stampeded into the depths of the forest and stayed there. For days, weeks, months, nothing would lure them into sight. Food? The jungle was full of it, a bumper crop of wild grapes, figs, plums, berries, leaves, roots, acorns. Here at last the monkeys lived under a system of free enterprise.

After three years the furry isolationists began to effect a rapprochement with the human race. In return for a subsidy of oranges extending from the house into the forest, the monks resumed diplomatic relations with the Dumonds. Any magazine, tool, or toy left for a moment outside the house was instantly absorbed into the new order in the treetops.

Dumond embarked on a defense program totaling two air rifles. The BB shot stung hides effectively while doing no real damage. Soon a shot from an unloaded gun became a sufficient warning to marauders.

The human-simian axis was now a *fait accompli*. The time had come, decided Joe, to admit visitors. Possibly his monkey members could be made to contribute to the family support. As Dumond discovered an ever-increasing flow of callers quite willing to pay twenty-five cents admission, he threw up his job and bought himself a sun helmet and a change box.

Humans and subhumans were allowed at first to mingle freely without discrimination. However, border incidents began to occur; sharp teeth were sunk in human flesh. These incidents had not been of the monkeys' seeking, therefore Joe, in all fairness, built the tunnel to cage us dangerous humans.

The chief purpose of the whole Dumond venture had been to observe

free monkeys as compared with caged. What difference do we see between these free citizens and their captive brothers behind bars? *Plenty.* The tree dwellers no more resemble the monkey-house gang than the Boy Scouts do the inmates of Alcatraz.

Take matters of vital statistics. We hear that monkeys are delicate pets; certainly the mortality rate among confined simians is extremely high. Among all the Monkey Jungle citizens, on the other hand, there has not been a single adult death in ten years! Three babies have died. The Dumonds cannot determine the exact population of the Jungle. What with the dense vegetation and the lightning shifting of arboreal addresses, the difficulties of a census taker would be great. An estimate, however, puts the number at fifty to one hundred, as compared with the dozen who moved in ten years ago. No falling birth rate in this nation.

Health in the Jungle? Perfect. Teeth? Marvelous; whereas captive monkeys, on any diet whatsoever, are subject to many dental troubles. A prominent dentist, observing Joe's Javas, mentioned a theory, supported by many facts, that dental health, though doubtless greatly influenced by diet, depends also on mental health, on the degree of nervous tension. These outdoor monkeys show none of the jitters of cage dwellers.

As to teeth, there is a popular misconception that "a monkey's bite is poisonous." Simians have no poison glands; no mammals have. (Of course it is possible to be infected through *any* nonsterile abrasions of the skin.)

At once we ought to refute another base libel on our clean cousins. From certain activities of monkeys, many people infer that monkeys' hides are occupied areas. Dumond asserts that monks, far from being in the exterminator business, are in truth only seeking the dried salty secretions needed in their diet.

But we are itching to turn to our next subject, ethics. "The morals of the monkey house" are notorious. Caged simians are often criminals, dopes, degenerates, semi-invalids, or nervous wrecks. Behind the bars occur jealous murders, infanticide, bullying, and violent robbery. These free monkeys, in contrast, are among themselves peaceful and frolicsome.

About the form of government of the colony we can be certain: It is an absolute monarchy. "The king" is the sole ruler. His word, or merely his bared fangs, is law. He earned his job by beating in desperate battle the previous king, who had reigned supreme for seven years. The ex-king, after his defeat, lost face, and more: he lost all his authority, wives, and interest in life. He soon went into voluntary exile. When last seen, he was droopily drawing himself through the trees twenty miles southwest of his old kingdom.

Dumond has plenty of material for his book right on the place. But he has little time for writing. The commercial artist who hated offices so is now a business man, and likes it. For now, in addition to a good living, he has the life he craved.

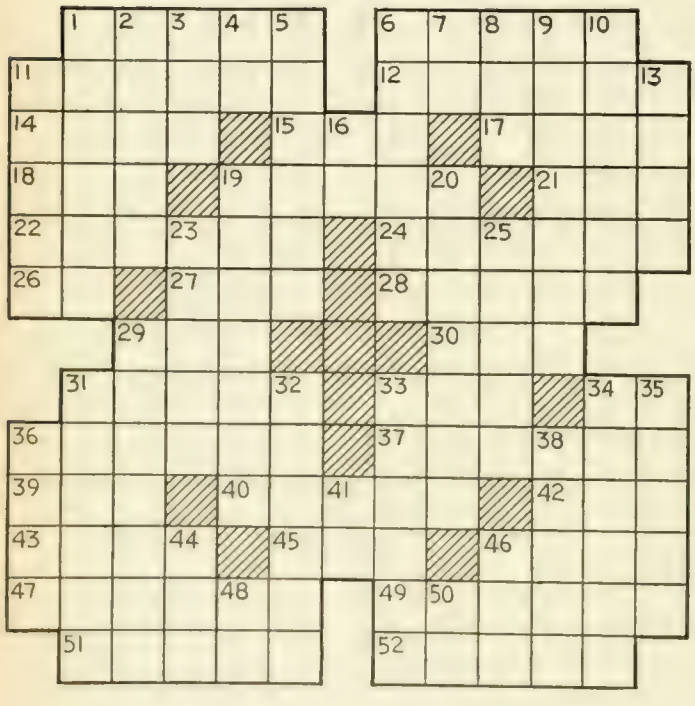
Now that the boom is on, his annual gross income, including sale of extras, soft drinks and so on, is running well into five figures.

Why tell all this? Another "success story"? In a way. But the material success is none too sure. Come the next depression, the Dumonds may be sharing the monkeys' wild fruit. A new industry? There's never likely to be a National Association of Monkey Jungle Owners, though it is comforting to know that the business world has some places for individualists and that our "craziest idea" can sometimes work. And then there's this: Here's an American family meeting thousands of humans yearly and also living successfully with dozens of subhumans. In a world of hate and prejudice, that is a sight for sore eyes . . . and a thought for soreheads.

THE END

THE STORY PUZZLE

By Margaret Petherbridge



To solve this crossword, you must first solve the story. For instead of the usual definitions, every word in the puzzle is used in the story. Read it through once and write in as many of the missing words as you can. Then go back and use your cross clues to find other words, until the story and the puzzle are done.

(A=ACROSS; D=DOWN)

Miss (1A) Jones and her friend, Miss (50D) Smith had (35D) their last cent. Even with the (37A) in industry, they could find no jobs. They had applied for (46D) work, but meanwhile were reduced to living in a (40A) pitched on a grassy meadow or (18A). Certainly their home had not been designed by Sir Christopher (46A), for they had nary a (12A) over their heads. But a (46A) had built a nest in the top of their (40A).

Luckily the meadow was not (14A), so they lived on green (11A)—having no matches or (22A) to light a fire with. However, they had (32D) of beer to drink, so they were not (14A) either.

Their best (33A) was a young man christened (2D), after the prophet. This (3D) came from Italy. His birthplace was on the River (41D), and he had gone to school in (13D). He spoke (36A) English and was having quite a successful (1D) in New York, where he was engaged in (9D) shows for a big producer.

Unhappily, a (33D) detective named (47A) Rance knew that (2D) had been foolish enough to (6A) the border into the (16D) without a passport, and was threatening to (49A) him back to Italy. Rance's (23D) song might have been "(47A), (47A), I've been thinking." He played gambling (31A) such as baccarat and (17A) and his (45A) was like a rubber check. (48D), he was no "Honest (44D)," and his eyes drilled into you like (34D).

One morning, when the sun had just (19A)—arranged, of course, by the Egyptian god (7D)—(2D) arrived to (39A) a picnic breakfast with (1A) and (50D). The latter, whose real name was Evelyn, wore a pink (25D) dress, and Miss Jones' (19D) was equally fitting.

After draining their beer to the (51A), they lit their cigarettes—they smoked English (52A)—and sat down on a big (28A) which had a wide flat (43A) on top. They discussed the (24A) and heavenly weather and the fact that silver (20D) is soluble in water.

"Let's go (8D) on a fishing trip," suggested (1A). "We might catch an orf or an (4D)."

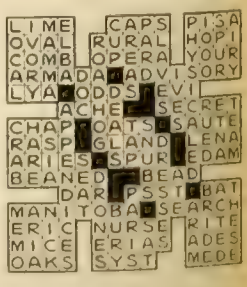
"I'll (30A) up a fishing pole," said (2D). "You can (5D) by lending me a bent pin."

Busy (34A) bees (26A) bird dogs, they did not notice (47A) creeping up, until he suddenly fired a (11D) of threats at the (3D) from (13D). The haughty Miss Jones gazed at the interrupter with (29D) and Miss Smith (31D), but (2D) showed no (36D). Quickly he swung his fishing (30A) for a perfect cast. The pin caught on the (29A) of the (33D) detective's coat and tore a hole in his pocket. Full many a (21A) of purest ray (10D) tumbled out on the (18A).

"So you are a (21A) thief! At your (42A)!" exclaimed (2D). "One of my beliefs or (6D) is tolerance. Give me your promise, by (38D), that you will never (49A) me and be (8D) with you. Leave (16D) alone!"

Believe it (26A) not, at the ripe (42A) of forty-two, (2D) married a lawyer's daughter named (15A). He now has a (27A) playing on Broadway.

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Last week's answer

IS BOOTLEG A BIGGER BUSINESS THAN EVER?

BY THEODORE IRWIN AND ALFRED SINKS

Here are the facts . . An amazing look at a traffic that still defies the law

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

IT was the height of the morning rush hour in New York's teeming wholesale fruit-and-vegetable sector. Two innocent-looking trucks backed up to the loading platform of a five-story building on Murray Street. Sacks of vegetables heaped carelessly around both sides of the platform made it impossible to see what was being loaded into the trucks.

Suddenly police sirens split the air. Brakes squealed. Out of a score of cars spaced along the block poured more than a hundred federal agents. In a few seconds they had covered every exit from the building.

Inside, the federal men found a giant 3,000-gallon still, turning out enough alcohol to make 6,000 gallons of whisky a day. Three floors and the roof had been cut away to make room for it. On each floor, wooden vats—each as large as a good-sized room—held the mash. Windows were tightly boarded up. No prying neighbor ever had a chance to learn what was the real business of the "commission merchants" on Murray Street.

This is no dog-eared tale of prohibition. It happened only a few weeks ago.

The raiders were investigators from the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Treasury Department. For three long months they had been following the intricate movements of a bootleg syndicate that operated in four states, used over a hundred trucks and cars, employed at least 206 people—including fourteen cops. Its headquarters were situated only three blocks away from the New York office of the Treasury agents.

An unusual haul? Not at all. Seven years after the demise of our Noble Experiment, bootleg liquor still pours in a steady stream from a multitude of illegal "pots" from Maine to California.

Twenty to twenty-five per cent of the liquor consumed in the United States is bootleg, says Robert Barry of the National Distillers Products, Inc. Other lawful distillers confirm this figure. Thumbing his nose at high taxes and the law, peddling his wares through a network with a thousand ramifications, the bootlegger's competition is a chronic headache to the liquor industry.

And for every bootlegged gallon sold Uncle Sam loses three dollars in revenue. If all the stills that have been seized had been worked at full capacity, they would have produced enough alcohol to make 331-747,435 gallons of whisky and cost the Treasury $995,242,305 in alcohol taxes.

So Treasury agents are kept on the jump in pursuit of evaders. Year after year since repeal they have "knocked over" 800 to 1,100 stills a month. Last year they made 25,638 bootleg arrests. Fifty-six per cent of our present federal prison population are alcohol-tax evaders!

IT'S the lure of fabulous profits that keeps the bootlegger going.

A gallon of alcohol costs only a few cents to make. Distillers pay $3 federal tax on every gallon of spirits. States add $1 or $1.50. By the time the consumer buys it, a quart of whisky for which the distiller received $1.51 will cost him as much as $4.35.

The bootlegger pays no tax. Not only that, but he ducks social security, workmen's compensation, income and excess profits taxes as well.

The booze baron of today is not the colorful desperado of the speakeasy era. You won't find him surrounded by quick-shooting bodyguards, staging bloody pitched battles as he "muscles in" on some rival. Methods as crude as that don't pay off against today's smooth enforcement set-up.

The big-shot bootlegger nowadays

is a shrewd, hardheaded business man, head of a commercial enterprise with a complicated scheme of operation. He's "hep" to the risks. But he knows how to safeguard himself. He keeps in the shadow without losing control of a single detail in his far-flung network. He pays for what protection he can buy, and relies on a carefully planned organization for the rest.

When Treasury agents smashed one big bootleg ring, they brought to light a cunning, ingeniously controlled organization that for months hid the identity of the principals even from the still operators. The men who drove the trucks from the still to the "drop" (where the alcohol is stored) never saw the big shots. Neither did the men employed at the drop. Salesmen never saw the "goods" they sold, nor could they learn where it came from. All they knew was that somehow it would be delivered.

THIS is how sales were made: The customer drove up to a tenement in New York's Chinatown, leaving his car parked somewhere in the block. There he looked over samples of the goods, made his selection, and settled his account. Then he handed over his car keys to the bootleg salesman, who left the room to pass on the keys, together with the customer's order, to a runner. The runner picked up the customer's car and drove it to the drop, or supply base, at the back of a garage a few blocks away. After he had loaded the car with five-gallon tins of alcohol, the runner brought it back to the spot where the customer had originally left it.

Smart Alcohol Tax T-men wise to the ways of the up-and-coming bootleg syndicate know just where a big bootleg still is apt to be located. Most often, these days, the plants are set up either in the country—deep in the woods or in the barn of some abandoned farm far from any inhabited house—or in the more crowded and odorous sections of a city.

Knowing that, enforcement agencies point an accusing finger at local law officers. For in the country, when the weather is right, an average nose can detect the telltale odor of a still as far as a mile and a half away. Even in the city, the smell of a "pot" in the neighborhood is pretty sure to attract attention.

To trace the fine-spun network over which illicit liquor trickles down to the consumer, through all the branches of a major syndicate, would require a vast army of enforcement sleuths. There are the "king kong" joints of New York's Harlem, where the thirsty step in only long enough to buy a bootlegged quick one for a dime or to fill a small bottle of "smoke" for a quarter. There are the water-front speakeasies and the "social clubs" in the crowded sections of most cities. Among the thousands arrested recently for peddling hooch have been druggists, grocers, proprietors of candy stores, olive-oil dealers, and almost every conceivable variety of small business man.

The lure of bootleg profits seems to appeal to high and low alike. Expert tasters have reported to distillers and enforcement agencies that in some of the most fashionable metropolitan hotels they have detected raw whisky that never passed under the eye of a government inspector. Certain swank nighteries, they add, like to cut costs by slipping over a shot of illegal goods now and then.

If you order your drink sight unseen, or if the barman sets out an opened bottle from which you're to pour your own, you'd better know your bartender.

But if you buy your liquor by the bottle you are reasonably safe. In lawful distilleries, every piece of apparatus, every gallon of spirits, is checked by Alcohol Tax Unit inspectors. The government stamp on a bottle of potables is a seal of quality as positive as any protection can be.

To break through that protection, the bootlegger would have to forge the government internal revenue stamp. That would bring him under the eye of the Secret Service, and such recklessness is rare.

OF course, not all of the rotgut comes from the big bootleg stills. But the petty moonshiner is small potatoes—he accounts for only a fraction of the nation's alky output. Federal enforcement these days is keyed to a single principle: the flow of bootleg must be dammed *at the source*. Their real quarry is the big fellow.

The tough task begins with the Raw Materials Section of the Alcohol Tax Unit. Of the A. T. U.'s 4,500 employees, about half are engaged in this work; and of its 1,300 investigators, some 800-900 are kept busy spotting the "leaks" in the country's distribution of ingredients that may be used for distilling.

Uncle Sam's elaborate system of control rests on Treasury Regulation No. 17, which requires every wholesale dealer handling quantities of sugar, molasses, urea, or yeast to report sales and purchases to the government. Day after day, the A. T. U. agents carefully scrutinize these reports. One slip by the dealer and a Treasury agent will drop in to check up.

The agent is hard to fool.

"Who is this A-Z Sugar Company, the one that bought more than 20,000 pounds of your sugar last month?" he asks as he runs an expert eye through the office ledger. "We've got no record of their ever reselling any."

Such suspicions often lead to dummy firms set up by bootleg rings for the sole purpose of obtaining supplies for illicit stills. Working doggedly, it may take the T-men many months to collect sufficient evidence against these "respectable" accomplices of the bootleg ring. In the files of the Alcohol Tax Unit a "case record" builds up slowly, note by note, until it may reach several hundred pages. But once that record is complete, some one is bound to land behind bars.

Eloquent figures point to the A. T. U.'s efficiency: more than 90 per cent of the bootleggers indicted for violation of the alcohol tax laws are found guilty. Last year, of 16,008 convicted, only 1,438 took their chances on beating the rap; the rest pleaded guilty. The federal men believe in building their cases airtight.

Remarkable as this system of enforcement may appear, it can not and does not hold back the avalanche of hooch. Kept too busy going after the big fellows, Treasury agents have little time to bother with the small-fry retailer. To plug every minute leak in the sale of liquor ingredients, to watch every "king kong" joint and corner candy store, would require perhaps ten times the size of our present federal force. That job of detail, say Treasury spokesmen, is up to state and local authorities.

When it comes to state enforcement of liquor laws the record is checkered. Many states don't annoy the bootlegger at all. About a third of the states do a fair job of enforcement with such meager resources as they possess. But only nine have Alcohol Control agencies with police powers, together with a trained corps of special investigators capable of matching move for move with the slippery bootlegger.

AND so, seven years have gone by since repeal ostensibly sounded the death knell of illicit hooch—but bootlegging is still with us as big business. What's more, legitimate distillers fear that with each boost in liquor taxes the bootleg industry will fatten and expand. No one law-enforcement authority claims that it can be stopped. At best, government — federal and state — can only keep the racket from mounting to even greater proportions.

Last year the federal government took in about $650,000,000 in taxes on legal spirits. Only about $13,000,000 was allotted to the Alcohol Tax Unit, perhaps half that amount (or .9 per cent of the taxes collected) for enforcement. Distillers insist that the government should appropriate more funds, that every extra dollar spent on enforcement would bring in several dollars in added revenue.

Yet Treasury officials answer that a real mass drive against the bootlegger would mean an entirely different *type* of enforcement—against petty violators as well as the important bootleg rings. It would not be a matter of a few millions more but of many millions. Moreover, it would tread on the toes of the states.

In the long run, liquor law enforcement will probably come to that, unless the states get busy. Barring either a serious drive for state enforcement or a much tougher approach on the part of federal authorities, the bootlegger is here to stay.

THE END

Merrily they bowl along

How an ancient sport has taken root in the hearts of 20,000,000 Americans

BY JACK DEMPSEY

Sports Editor
of LIBERTY

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The holder of the women's three-game world's record: Joan Radtkin of Cleveland.

THE funny thing about bowling," Tommy Gibbons told me recently, "is that there's nothing funny about it. There are humorous stories about every other sport, but you can't tell me one about bowling."

"Well," I countered, "you remember the time the rookie reported to the coach at a baseball training camp with the alibi: 'Coach, I might not do so good today—I'm a little stiff from bowling.' And the coach replied, 'I don't care a hoot *where* you're from—get in there and show me something!'"

"'Tain't funny, Jack," rejoined Tommy. "There are nearly twenty million bowlers on the continent and they take the game seriously. After all, twenty million Americans can't be *wrong*!"

As chairman of this year's American Bowling Congress Tournament, Tommy ought to know what he's talking about. Right now, St. Paul, Minnesota, is the mecca of the keglers, for there the Forty-first Annual Tournament of the ABC, which begins March 13 and ends May 6, will roll merrily on its way over the new alleys of the Auditorium. But of the 30,000-odd competitors, two hold a special interest for me. They are Peter Howley and George Bangart, both of Chicago, neither of whom has missed an ABC tournament in the last forty years. They are the only two men who have bowled in every one of the tenpin tournaments held to date, and of course they have entered this year.

And, boy, are these two doughty gentlemen consistent! Over that two-score years' stretch they have run neck and neck, winding up with the same average, 176. This year their race holds almost as much interest as the actual championships themselves.

There were only 41 five-men teams, 72 two-men teams, and 115 individual or singles entries in that first ABC tournament back in 1901. Pete and George have seen these numbers pyramided into fantastic figures. For a long time they vied with each other more or less tacitly, but some years ago, when the tourney was nearing its end, Pete charged up to the scorekeeper and demanded to know who was ahead. Upon being told that Otto Kallusch of Rochester, New York, was leading and looked like the new champion, Peter bawled, "I don't care about that! Who's ahead between George Bangart and me?"

Last year in Detroit, with the all-time record entry of 6,073 teams, the two stalwart veterans forgot all the other contestants. The race between them had been close, devilishly close, and when they went into their last game Bangart was only a few pins ahead. As the lead seesawed between them, the crowd thrilled to a photo finish of a forty-year-old contest.

Bangart finished his game as Howley was starting on his last frame. Pete needed 18 to tie, 19 to win. There was a hush as he poised for a second, aiming, then took five quick paces and slid the ball down the middle of the alley. The entire crowd as one man exerted "body English" in an unconscious effort to steer it to the head pin for a strike. But, alas, not *all* the pins went flying. Two were left upright, lonely sentinels at either side of the alley, in that bane of all bowlers, a split.

A groan went up from the crowd, for now, on the next ball, Pete needed to make an almost impossible hit to get a spare. But not for nothing had old Pete battled doggedly through forty years of ABC tourneys. The coolest man in the place, he squinted down the alley, then let 'er go. The ball kissed the left-side pin and sent it flying across to knock over its brother, and the crowd let loose a roar. Pete had made his spare!

But he still had a tough job ahead of him. With the extra roll the spare gave him, he had to make nine pins on the one shot to forge ahead, eight to tie. The crowd was tense with excitement. There was a smash and a clatter as the ball hit, and *seven* pins went down. But the eighth was wobbling—and after what seemed ages, but was really only a second, it dropped! The two old-timers were tied—even up at the end of forty years' struggle.

This year they bowl on April 4 and 5. Pete will roll nine games, three in each event; George will be in the singles only. But in the singles the old rivalry will be renewed. I hope I'll be there to see it.

The present singles champion, thirty-four-year-old Ray Brown, of Terre Haute, Indiana, was an "unknown" who made good in his first ABC tournament last year. He showed no great promise in his team event with a measly 527, and the ribbing of his teammates upset him in the doubles, so he was able to score only 494. So in the singles nobody paid any attention to him at first.

Maybe Ray was goaded on by the ribbing, or maybe the thought of what another Brown, his uncle Mordecai, "Old Three-fingers," famous Chicago Cubs pitcher of long ago, had done in spots like this. At any rate, he began his singles event with four spares in a row and finished his first game with a string of strikes for 231. When he started his second

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game he had the crowd with him, and he gave them their thrill as he packed in eight in a row, spared in the ninth, and got two more strikes for a 278 counter. Two doubles and a "turkey" gave him a 233 finisher for 742 and the world's singles title. His first ABC and a champion!

It was in the 1923 tournament that a slender young man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, an unknown bowler in his first ABC, stole the show and won the title. He was Carl Baumgartner of Cincinnati. Opening his singles with 238 and following with 209, he didn't get much of a tumble until he began piling up a string of X's on the scoreboard in his final game, stretching out eleven strikes for a 277 finisher and a total of 724 for first place and the championship, nosing out William Larson of Racine, Wisconsin, and George Neuman of Milwaukee.

The second man to win the title in his first ABC tourney was Jerry Vidro of Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1934, and in 1936 Charles Warren of Springfield, Illinois, became the third.

Only one man, John Koster of New York, has won four title medals in ABC tournaments. Seven men, Charley Daw of Milwaukee; Otto Kallusch of Rochester, New York; Mort Lindsey of Stamford, Connecticut; Barney Spinella of Brooklyn; Henry Kiene, Harry Steers, and the late Phil Wolf, all of Chicago, have won three each.

FOUR world championships are being battled for in St. Paul: the team, doubles, singles, and all-events titles. Five men make up a team; they roll three games each. Two men make up a doubles; they do likewise. Each man in the singles rolls three games. A man's grand total for the nine games makes up his all-events score. This last is considered the most desirable of all the titles.

Fred Fischer of Buffalo, part owner of a big bowling establishment there, is the 1940 all-events champion. Fred tried twenty-three times to win an ABC title. Last spring, at the age of fifty-one, he succeeded and he did it in grand style. But he was not the oldest man to win the title. In 1928 the late Phil Wolf took the all-events crown at the age of sixty.

Bowling is the one sport in which women come closest to really vying with men on an equal footing. Interest in the game among women had grown so much by 1916 that the Women's International Bowling Congress was formed, and it held its first tournament in St. Louis the following year. In 1935 it had a membership of 15,000, but today it has more than 100,000, according to an official statement by Emma Phaler, national secretary. In 1937 the ABC had a membership of 64,000 *teams*, but on February 1 of this year this had increased to 153,000 teams.

Not only has the game grown rapidly, it also has aged rapidly; indeed, it aged more than 5,000 years in the last few months. Now, hold your horses and I'll explain. The ABC, as a result of historical data and research, had placed the age of bowling around 1,500 years, crediting it with origin in Italy. But recently along came Sir Flinders Petrie, renowned Egyptologist of the University of London, with the declaration that bowling was indulged in as far back as 5200 B. C.

But let's get back to the women bowlers. Not long ago, while I was visiting my friend John D. Wilson in Syracuse, Mrs. Dorothy Wilson, his wife, challenged me to a game on a local alley. "I'll spot you ten pins," she said. "Ho-ho!" said I, and we started. Imagine my chagrin when she beat me by sixteen pins, winning the handicap game by a margin of six. But I didn't feel so bad when I recalled the time Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon, wife of a Pueblo, Colorado, business man, took on the great Jimmy Smith, a world's champion bowler, in a three-game match in 1927, and beat him 704 to 686, winning by a margin of *eighteen* pins!

Early this year one girl, Amelia Reinkel of Shaker Heights, Ohio, rolled a perfect score of 300, and several others have scored over 290 in single games this season. On February 8 last, Miss Marge Slogar, a twenty-seven-year-old factory girl, scored 249, 255, and 255 for a total of 759 to win an all-star ladies' league tournament. This was only sixteen pins short of the present women's world's record of 775 set by Joan Radtkin of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1934.

And so I feel safe in predicting that all world's bowling marks will go by the board in the present ABC tournament.

THIS world series of bowling is the severest and also the fairest test of bowling ability. All games are bowled on new alleys, and brand-new pins are spotted for the teams. Scoring is never as easy on new alleys as on old ones. A few weeks before the present tournament, Hank Marino of Milwaukee, one of the greats of bowling, told me: "When I say my average for the last twenty-seven ABC tournaments is 198, I'm giving a true statement of my ability as a bowler. To gain this average I have bowled on new alleys against new pins, before big crowds and under pressure. When I read that Tony Sparando of New York has held an average of 205 in the last five tournaments, I know he is a great bowler. But if I read that a bowler holds a 200 average in some league, I know he attained that average on old alleys, against used pins, that he repeats on these alleys several times, and that he encounters no tournament crowds or pressure. I'd be prouder to say that my ABC average was 198 than that my league average was 210."

The ABC tournament has tremendous appeal. It is the biggest sports event and has the greatest participation record of all world's championships. The official entry list this year contains 5,798 teams, of which 4,025 are from out of town. They

come from thirty-nine states and four Canadian provinces, the latter sending twenty teams. This is the second largest entry in the history of the tournament, being only seventy-five less than last year's at Detroit.

There is a lot of money invested and spent in bowling. Of the estimated 20,000,000 active bowlers, more than 2,000,000 are women. More than a billion and a half is invested in the business and the total amount spent by bowlers every week runs well over $50,000,000. But, after all, it is not what I would call an expensive sport, everything taken into consideration. I had a team in the 1937 ABC tournament, held in New York. It was captained by that brilliant former champion, Mort Lindsey. The uniforms, etc., which my team used were swell, but they were also quite reasonable. (No, the team didn't win, but it finished well up.)

The increase in distance and expenses for teams from central and eastern states in going to St. Paul was expected to decrease the entries this year, so the big list was a surprise and speaks well for the work of my old pal and former opponent, Sheriff Tommy Gibbons, who, as chairman of the tournament committee, not only did a wonderful job but appointed men on his committee who kept pace with him. Tommy has invited me to St. Paul.

"Sure, I've laid away the gloves and it's a bowling ball now," he wrote me. "And a great sport it is and a great gang these bowlers are. More than 5,000 teams will be dropping in on us. We had to extend the original closing date to May 6 in order to take care of all the entries. Jack, I'm sorry I didn't learn how to bowl when I was a youngster. It's a great conditioner and muscle-builder, besides being swell fun. It doesn't wear a man out like boxing does. I've had a wonderful year working with these ABC people. Come out here and I'll take you on."

I'm afraid Tommy's had too much practice for me, but what can I lose? O. K. Set 'em up in the other alley!

THE END

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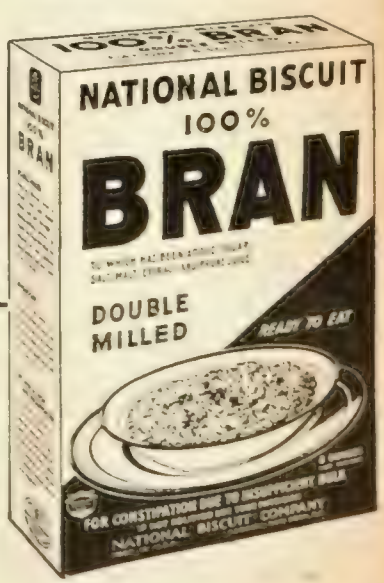

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BY CROSBY GEORGE

IT was eleven thirty that morning when I gave my stenographer that hard, appraising look. She turned white as her blouse.

"Miss Fleming," I rushed, "how do you feel about babies?"

Her pencil jerked convulsively. "Mr. Weston!"

I must go back a little.

This somewhat disconcerting question was directly due to the arrival in town that morning of Eugene Ryer of St. Louis, Missouri.

I am in charge of sales at United Arts, Inc. Eugene buys mantels, fireplaces, mirrors, and consoles for his department store. Naturally, when he gets to New York his every wish is a command to me.

He was staying only two days this trip, so I worked fast. We had hardly settled down with a cigar in his mouth (I personally do not smoke) when I said, "I know how a bachelor alone in a big city feels, especially at night, Eugene. Eugene, you are dining with me and Rita tonight and then what show would you like to see?"

"I hear this Westchester Hysteria is pretty good."

"Oh—Westchester Wistaria!" I laughed most heartily. "Oke. And do you mind if we dine out, old man? Our maid left yesterday."

Eugene said not at all, and I had Miss Fleming call the agency for three tickets, and when Eugene left I called Rita.

Now, there is nothing my wife would not do to advance my business interests, let alone dining and wining a buyer like Eugene, of whom she is personally very fond anyhow. But this time she said sharply, "Really, darling, you might consult me first before making any dates for me!"

"But, hon," I said, "this is a matter of Eugene."

"Perhaps you are not aware," said Rita, "but you and I have a child. An infant of one year and seven months. Who answers to the name of Camilla. The one who will not go to sleep till she has her daddy's wrist watch to suck. Remember?"

"Hon," I said, "just what are you trying to get over?"

"That I have interviewed six maids today and we still have no maid. So there is no one to stay with Camilla. So you will have to go out with Eugene yourself tonight while I stay home with the child. See?"

"But, Rita, Eugene looks forward to seeing you!" I was panicked. "If you back out, he'll think you are sore. Look—why not get Sue to take care of Cam just for tonight?"

"They are on one of those mid-week week-ends of theirs."

"Oh!" Sue and husband Bill are writers. The one thing they pride themselves on is, they can take holidays when other people cannot. "Well,

Coats off, they were swinging at each other. Miss Fleming stood on the sofa screaming for them to stop.

then, how about your mother, hon?"

"She's in bed with her rheumatism!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. Look, hon, the salesmen are waiting. Suppose I call you in a half hour and maybe some one will have an idea."

I did. I phoned, excited. "Here it is, hon. We'll have Diana stay with the child tonight!"

Rita's voice rose steadily. "Entrust my child to a jitterbug with nothing on her mind but the names of swing bands? Who starts out for high school mornings dressed like a woman going to Reno? Have you gone nuts?"

Her description of the seventeen-year-old in the apartment across the hall was good. "O. K.," I said testily. "What have you?"

"I am going to stay home with the child tonight and you are going to entertain Eugene yourself. G'by!"

While I was making circles on a blotter, J. B. came in. He is our president. "I hope you are giving Eugene the rush, V. W.," he said. "Gigantic Fireplace is sicking Silas on him."

Silas Crane is seventy-two if a day, but he is like a bald-headed eagle on the wing when he smells an order in the bush.

"Don't worry, J. B.," I said. "I have already dated Eugene for tonight, and Silas can have what's left tomorrow, if anything."

"Give Eugene plenty of hotcha," said J. B. "You know these bachelor buyers. And you know how Silas turns on the night-spot heat."

I was worried plenty. It would be a dead evening for Eugene if I went out with him alone. I am frankly not a hot-spot daddy like old Silas. Nor do I know how to draw out a bachelor of fifty with a double chin like Eugene in a quiet way, whereas Rita can sparkle with him for hours on the subject of the nephew he is putting through college. It was O. K. for her to decide her duty was to our child rather than to my business. But would that help me with J. B. if Eugene gave the order to Gigantic? Then an idea struck me like a sunstroke.

"Let me put it another way, Miss Fleming," I went on as she looked around cautiously for a doctor or a cop. "Do you like babies?"

"Why—every normal girl likes babies," she said thinly.

"Fine! And you sort of took to my little Camilla the day Mrs. Weston brought her here, didn't you, Miss Fleming?"

"Oh—she was sweet, Mr. Weston!"

"I am very glad indeed to hear you say that. Now—are you free tonight, Miss Fleming?"

"Why—yes—I think so."

"Very good. Now, Miss Fleming, you are in a position to do me personally as well as the firm a great favor. Could you come over to my apartment tonight and take care of Cam while Mrs. Weston and I are out entertaining this Mr. Ryer from St. Louis?"

"Oh!" said Miss Fleming.

"We'll call it overtime and compensate you accordingly," I said. "It will be very easy. Camilla sleeps like a top. We merely wish some one to be in the house with her. What do you say?"

Miss Fleming giggled. "Well, they didn't include babies in my business course," she said, "but I guess I can swing it. Glad to oblige."

I was highly gratified indeed at her loyalty. But when I phoned Rita, she snapped, "Your stenographer! What does she know about babies?"

"Every girl knows about babies. Anyhow, to a girl like Miss Fleming, who is as cool as an iced cucumber in the office, it will be child's play to take care of a baby like Cam who sleeps like a top. I'm rushed, hon. Just dismiss it from your mind and start thinking what you are going to wear tonight. We're dining at the Maison d'Or."

She gave in. "Since you have so much faith in this Miss Fleming, O. K. Ask her to be over by six thirty. I want to give her detailed instructions."

I went out to lunch whistling. But when I got back I found my cool, efficient Miss Fleming looking worn and haunted about the eyes.

"I have bad news, Mr. Weston," she faltered. "I'm afraid I won't be able to stay with your baby tonight, after all."

"What are you saying, Miss Fleming?" I said in horror.

"My boy friend just called up and reminded me we have a date to go roller-skating tonight," she said. "He's right, too. I was so flustered when you spoke to me, the date slipped my mind. So—well, you see how it is, Mr. Weston."

"Oh, no, Miss Fleming," I said. "You can't do a thing like this to me. You gave me your pledged word to take care of my child tonight, and now you calmly tell me you are going roller-skating instead? Oh, no, Miss Fleming—oh, no!"

"But—I owe it to Sylvester. Oh, what shall I do?"

I had always considered the petite Miss Fleming emotionless. Now, at the thought of losing her roller-skating, she looked as haggard as Greta Garbo in a last reel.

But at my insistence she called up her Sylvester and told him the date was definitely off. As he replied, two spots of color came into her cheeks and an angry light into her blue eyes.

She snapped the receiver down. "I am very glad this happened, Mr. Weston," she said. "I did not know what a hot-tempered lunatic Sylvester was, and I am mighty glad I have found out now instead of later. This has taught me a great lesson, Mr. Weston, and I thank you for it." And she attacked her typewriter like a fury. . . .

I got home before six. Rita was dressing. Before doing the same, I went in and took a look at our Little One peacefully bouncing up and down in her crib, as was her custom after being filled full of energy by her evening meal.

The doorbell rang, and I went to open it, thinking it was perhaps Miss Fleming a little ahead of time. But a young man stood there. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with curly black hair and a hard chin.

"Good evening. Weston apartment?" he said in a deep voice, and when I said yes, "Julie Fleming here yet?" he asked.

"No. What—?"

"I'll wait." He stepped by me.

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"I'm Sylvester," he said, as though that explained everything.

Rita called out, "Is that Miss Fleming, Victor?" and when I did not say anything, she came out, a robe wrapped around her.

"Good evening," said Sylvester. "I'm Sylvester."

"Miss Fleming's—boy friend," I managed.

Rita's eyebrows shot up. "Miss Fleming is going to take care of a baby here, and we do not care to have callers on her."

"Look," said Sylvester. "I roared at Julie like a wild bull on the phone today. All I want now is to see her and hear from her own lips she forgives me. Just give me a minute to get down on my knees before her. That's all I ask. Is that too much?"

The bell rang, and now it was Miss Fleming.

"Hello, Julie!" said Sylvester hungrily.

She stopped dead. "Good night, Mr. Culverhouse!"

"Julie, I've got to talk to you."

"Not if I live to be a hundred and sixty. Good night!"

"Julie, I've come to get down on my knees and—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "Mrs. Weston and I are in a hurry. We are now going in to dress. You have till we come out to do your kneeling act, Mr. Culverhouse. Let him, Miss Fleming. When we come out, Mr. Culverhouse, we want your presence to be entirely absent. Is that clear? Thank you. Good night!"

IN our room Rita said, "So that's your Miss Fleming. A fine cucumber indeed!"

"Be reasonable, Rita. Every normal girl has a boy friend."

"Who goes around helping her take care of babies! Well, we won't discuss it now. Only, if I had suspected for a moment— Have you got the tickets? Make sure."

"Don't worry," I said, slapping the pocket of my waistcoat.

We went out. Mr. Culverhouse was not missing. He was seated on the sofa. Miss Fleming was next to him. It seemed to me her hair was slightly mussed. She gave me a weak smile.

"Sylvester and I have been talking it over," she said. "And I'm afraid he's right. I really had no right to break that roller-skating date. Oh, I'll take care of your baby tonight, Mr. Weston. But—in justice to Sylvester—couldn't he stay and keep me company for an hour or so? In that way I'd be keeping both dates and I would not be unfair to any one."

"It is the ideal solution!" said Mr. Culverhouse deeply.

I looked at Rita. She was already looking at me. I shuddered.

"Very well," she said in a strangled tone. "But one hour—that's all. Not a second more. Is that understood?"

"One hour is all I want," said Sylvester calmly.

Rita took Miss Fleming into the child's room. She came rushing out again, picked up purse and gloves, and we ran out and got a taxi.

We were late. But as we arrived at the Maison d'Or we saw Eugene's pursy figure just entering. I sighed with relief. Eugene got a headache if his meal was delayed.

Things went fine. Rita, pushing domestic cares aside, listened sympathetically to Eugene's account of every detail of his nephew's sophomore year. I saw Eugene was enjoying himself and decided to see if I couldn't slip in those pickle-pine mantels we had in stock in addition to the bone-white and walnut stuff he usually ordered. Then my hand went to my pocket.

"What is it, dear?" said Rita as she saw my face.

"I—have forgotten the tickets," I said.

"Why, dear, I asked you twenty times—are you sure?"

I searched myself frantically. "I am sure," I said.

"Look," said Rita, swallowing hard. "Eugene and I will go to the theater and wait in the lobby for you. You rush home for the tickets. It's only eight fifteen. You can meet us by curtain time. That's eight forty."

This was feasible, as we lived only a few blocks east of the theatrical section. So they got into one taxi and I another, and I rushed home, thanking God I had a wife like Rita who could think so fast in an emergency.

"Be right out, Jim," I said at my floor. "Hold the car."

"Yes, sir. Just took a young feller up to your place," said the elevator man.

"Up? You mean down, don't you?"

"No, sir; up."

"A tall dark-haired young fellow?"

"No, sir; a sort of skinny blond-haired one."

"Take me up quick, Jim," I said.

In the corridor I heard a heart-rending baby's squalling coming from my apartment, accompanied by screaming from a pair of more mature feminine lungs. I made it in nothing flat.

AS I stood in the archway of my living room I just could not believe it. Sylvester Culverhouse and a tow-headed undersized young man of about twenty-two, coats off, were swinging at each other in the middle of the room. Miss Fleming stood on the sofa screaming for them to stop. From inside, Camilla was making clear she did not like it either. Sylvester swung a hay-manufacturer. The other boy dodged, and then launched himself at Sylvester like a torpedo.

Culverhouse backed and sat down hard on twenty keys of the piano. The other's head struck him in the midriff.

"Oof!" said Sylvester.

Miss Fleming saw me. She leaped off the sofa. "Oh, Mr. Weston!" she wailed. "Benny Brewster heard I was here and came over. I didn't ask him—I didn't!"

"You didn't have to!" snarled Benny. "Once and for all, I am going to have it out!" He turned to me. "I put it to you, mister. If you were a girl's boy friend and you introduced another guy to her and said, 'Listen, bozo, no monkey business, this is mine, see?' and then the minute your back was turned he started some monkey business just the same—what would you do?"

"Miss Fleming," I said, "I believe my child—"

With a sob, she ran out. Culverhouse sat down and stroked his midsection.

WELL, what do you say, Mr. Weston?" demanded Benny.

"You have both one minute to get the hell out of here!" I said, and rushed into my bedroom.

I went through the chest of drawers twice. I then went through my business suits. I even explored Rita's dressing table. No tickets. From the living room came loud voices. The phone rang.

Rita's voice said, "What—are you still there?"

"Yes, honey; I am still looking for the tickets."

"The show has begun and you are only still looking for the tickets!"

"Yes," I said hoarsely. "How—how is Eugene taking it?"

"You can just about kiss your order good-by! What is it?" she asked in alarm as I uttered a yelp. "Is anything wrong with the child?"

"No; she is sleeping like a top. But I have just found the tickets. They were in the other pocket of this vest I am wearing—what do you know about that? Tell Eugene I'll be right there."

"For heaven's sake, hurry! The first act must be half over."

I rushed out. Miss Fleming's boy friends, their heads not two inches apart, were exchanging remarks. Miss Fleming emerged. "She's sleeping again. Boys, I beg of you—"

"You gentlemen are getting a nice lift. Come on," I said.

"No, thank you," said Benny. "We are having this out. I am not leaving this house till it is settled yes or no."

"That suits me fine!" said Sylvester.

Miss Fleming wrung her hands. "Mr. Weston, don't waste your time. I will take care of this. There will not be any more fighting. I guarantee it."

I pulled her to the door. "Miss Fleming, you get these two gorillas out of this house in five minutes or you are minus a job. I will phone and check up during the first intermission, and if you are not here alone you need not report to the office tomorrow."

I ran out. Fifteen minutes or so later I panted into the lobby of the theater. I saw Rita and Eugene right

away. It wasn't hard. They were alone in the lobby, except for a circle of cigarette butts around them.

"Oh, don't apologize. I just love spending the evening in a theater lobby!" barked Eugene, red in the face.

I saw my order doing a fade-out. "I'm sorry," I mumbled, steering them toward the ticket taker.

Just as we reached him, the doors opened. People swarmed out.

"First-act intermission," said the ticket taker.

I smiled. It must have been ghastly. "Let's—have a drink," I said.

Eugene exploded. "No! We enjoyed the first act in the lobby. The least you can do is let us enjoy the intermission in our seats." He snatched the stubs from me. "Here, usher!"

We followed the girl to the seats. But I didn't take mine.

"Excuse me, please," I said. "I have to go out."

"But we just came in!" said Rita, astonished.

"I have to wash my hands," I said.

"Wash your hands!" Her eyebrows went up.

"Yes," I said. "I—I'm nervous."

"Let him go wash his hands the rest of the show," said Eugene sourly. "Only give me some peace and rest."

Well, the order was gone, I concluded. But I still had my duty to Camilla. In the lounge I dialed my number.

HELLO!" I said. "Weston speaking. Have you gotten rid of those two gorillas?"

"I'm sorry—no!" said Miss Fleming.

"That settles it. You're fired!" I told her.

"Mr. Weston, I am handling the situation the best way I can, and, believe me, it is more than I ever bargained for when you brought up the subject of babies this morning. If you can do better, just come home and do it. Now, do I go to work tomorrow or do I leave your child with the nearest policeman and walk out?"

"Wait a minute! Don't get excited. Are the boys quiet?"

"They are not fighting, if that's what you mean."

"Well—we'll let it go at that. Wait—what is that noise?"

It was a loud thumping and jumping noise.

"That is not fighting," said Miss Fleming. "It is dancing."

"Dancing?"

"Yes," she said tonelessly; "we have a lady guest and there is dancing going on."

"What?"

"A girl called Diana who lives next door came in to borrow a phonograph record and she has stayed. We are having a sort of a party. Yes, you are right, Mr. Weston. The baby is crying. What could you expect, with Sylvester and that girl rug-cutting all over the living room?"

"Sylvester! And where is Benny?" I said, dazed.

"Benny is standing at the phonograph and clapping his little hands in time to the music," said Miss Fleming bitterly. "Don't get excited, Mr. Weston. Wait—I think the baby is trying to say something."

She put down the receiver. I wiped away my perspiration.

"Hello," she said. "The child seems to want something. I can't make out what she's saying."

"Oh," I said, "she wants my wrist watch!"

"What for? She can't tell time, can she?"

"To make her sleep. She just sucks it and goes right off."

"Well, isn't that something! Can you bring it over?"

"No! Now listen. The wrist watch is not absolutely essential. My belt buckle used to have the same effect. Now, listen carefully, Miss Fleming. In the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers in the bedroom, left-hand side, under the pile of shorts, you will find an old belt with a buckle. It is the old belt buckle that used to put her to sleep before she knew about wrist watches. Take that belt, Miss Fleming, and dangle it over her face—do you follow me?"

"Dangle it. Over her face. Then what?"

"At first she may slap it aside a few times. But don't let that discourage you. Let it keep going slowly towards her mouth, and after a while it will open, she will suck the belt buckle and fall asleep. Do I make myself clear? The buckle of the old belt which you will find in the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers under the—"

"Pile of shorts," she said intelligently. "I've got it."

"I hear the second-act curtain call. I'll phone later. Next intermission. 'By!"

I tottered out of the sweatbox and rushed upstairs. The lights were already out and Act Two had begun. I slid past five pairs of knees that reared up at me like angry snakes, and fell into my seat.

I DID not get much out of this second act.

How could I concentrate on the question: Would a certain Mrs. van Dinderbottom desert her husband for the handsome, polished Antarctic explorer Reggy Oliver, or would her deb daughter, Gwladys, win him, thus breaking the heart of clean-cut young Marl Stacey III?

On my mind was a far more vital question, namely: Would my child, so used to sucking herself to sleep with my wrist watch, yield to the blandishments of my old belt buckle, especially when dangled by the hand of a stranger?

The fate of Mrs. van Dinderbottom and company was further complicated by the finding of the body of the faithful old butler, Jenkins, on the tennis court with a bunch of wisteria in his lifeless hand.

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The question of wrist watch versus belt buckle was not destined to keep me in any such suspense.

When the act was over, the three of us went out to the lobby for a smoke. There we encountered Hal and Harriet Colby, our bosom bridge pals. And while we were chatting a high-pitched voice cackled, "Hello, folks— Why, Eugene, old man!"

It was Silas Crane, Gigantic's demon salesman.

We at once nipped into action. Rita got between him and Eugene, and I buttonholed him and relentlessly engaged him in trade chitchat.

While we were thus blocking him off, I happened to look toward the street doors. My blood ran cold.

Large as life, there was my Miss Fleming, worriedly craning her neck over the crowd in the lobby.

"Excuse me," I said to Si.

Rita swung around and grabbed my arm. "Where are you going?"

"Wash my hands," I mumbled.

"What—again? With your competitor grabbing your customer right under your nose? Have you gone nuts?"

Silas and Eugene were already practically rubbing noses. "Can't help it—be right back," I gulped.

I left her looking after me in a trance. I bluffed by going down the lounge stairs part way. Two big men were just coming up and, using them as a screen, I sidled up again and slid along the wall to Miss Fleming.

OH, Mr. Weston—I'm so glad I found you!" she gasped.

"What are you doing here? What's the matter?"

"Mr. Weston, you always told me that, in case of an emergency, when there is no superior to consult a girl should consult her own initiative. Well, I have consulted mine, Mr. Weston, and here I am."

"Camilla—is she all right?" I said hoarsely.

"Well, yes and no, Mr. Weston."

"What do you mean? Here—come outside. If Mrs. Weston sees you, she'll go nuts too. Now—what happened?"

"Your child is still crying, Mr. Weston. She has not stopped for a second since you called up."

"What? Didn't the belt buckle work?"

"It did not have the slightest effect, Mr. Weston."

"Did you dangle it the way I said?"

"I dangled and dangled, Mr. Weston, but she did not even seem to see it. So I consulted my initiative, and I jumped into a taxi and came here to get the wrist watch. I figured it was about time for another intermission, or I'd have had you paged."

"And whom did you put in charge of the child?"

Her tone changed. "Oh, Benny is with her," she said dully.

"Benny?"

"Yes; only Benny."

"And where are Sylvester and Diana?"

She looked away. "They went out," she said. "But don't think I am worried about that, Mr. Weston," she said shrilly. "I'm glad! It's far better for a girl to find out before it is too late that a man has a character like mush when it comes to other women than later."

Another curtain call was sounding. I tore off my wrist watch. "You have done well, Miss Fleming. Here. G'by!"

Our little group was no longer in the lobby. I pounded down the aisle and slid past the same five pairs of angry knees.

The lights dimmed as I flopped into my seat. I turned to Rita. "Well, how did things go?" I panted.

"Your order is about as hot as last month's swing hit," she said. "The minute you left, they got off in a corner and started figuring on the back of an envelope. You are a first-class AA dope."

I DIDN'T make much out of Act Three, either.

After the Antarctic explorer told an astonishing tale of a polo match in the wastes of Little America, using sea lions as ponies and frozen penguins as mallets, two men came in and said he was an escaped lunatic with an obsession he was a South Pole explorer. After which Mrs. van Dinderbottom was reconciled to her husband and Gwladys married Marl Stacey III.

I never did find out why the faithful old butler had been found dead on the tennis court with a bunch of wisteria in his lifeless hand. I just could not put my mind on it. I was trying to figure out a way to win back that order. I knew I would have to work fast, now that Silas had put in his lick.

Rita tried again, too. "The Colbys are going to a night club," she said when the curtain fell. "Would you care for that, Eugene?" Her voice changed. "Victor, where is your wrist watch?" she said.

"What? Oh—I suppose I left it home."

"No, you didn't. I saw it on you when we got here."

"Ah, yes, I remember. I took it off when I washed my hands."

"Then go down there and look for it!"

I went down to the anteroom of the washroom and sat for a couple of minutes looking at a picture of twenty dogs and men in red coats surrounding a little fox. I knew just how that fox felt.

I went up and found Rita and Eugene in the lobby.

"It wasn't there," I said.

Rita blazed. She had given me that watch for my last birthday. "Get the manager and make him start a search!" she snapped.

"Now look, honey, it's awfully late—"

"Haven't you got any backbone? Find the manager!"

Eugene cleared his throat. "If you folks don't mind, I'll just mosey along to my hotel. Thanks for a wonderful evening."

"Wonderful evening my corset!" said Rita when he had gone. "He's off to meet Silas. I heard them arrange it." Two spots of color stood in her cheeks. "Thank you for a wonderful evening, Mr. Weston."

The real play took place in the lobby of that theater that night rather than on the stage—a blitztiff beween my wife and me.

It ended by her leaving me standing there and joining the Colbys just passing on their way to the night club. Her last words to me were to find my watch or I could go jump in the park lake.

I could have stopped her by telling her the truth about the watch, I knew. But I felt I had given her a rotten enough time tonight. I said to myself, Let her go and have a little recreation at a night club. She deserves it. I will go home and take charge of our domestic affairs. I have an idea they need me.

I was right. One foot out of the elevator, I heard the bawling of a babe with lungs of sheet iron. I rushed in.

Miss Fleming, face down on the sofa, was sobbing. On the floor near her were shards of broken phonograph records.

She sat up. "Oh, I didn't hear you come in, Mr. Weston!"

"Why is the child crying? Didn't the wrist watch work?"

"No, Mr. Weston," she sobbed. "And I tried about everything else in the house, too. I gave her spoons and forks and pot handles to suck, and I ended up with some of your ties, and none of them did the slightest bit of good. She just keeps on crying."

"I don't understand it," I said sharply. "The wrist watch never failed before."

"She keeps yelling for her daddy. I suppose she wants to take the wrist watch from your hand and nobody else's. She has just about driven me cuckoo, Mr. Weston, and with everything else—"

I rushed into my child's room. "Daddee!" she screamed.

I kissed her. Then, groping in the welter of spoons, forks, pots, and ties on the floor, I found my wrist watch and dangled it.

It was magic. She took it right into her little rosebud of a mouth and at once fell into the contented sleep of healthy babyhood.

CAREFULLY extracting the watch, I went back to Miss Fleming. She was putting on her hat, sniffling. "Now what is all this?" I asked, indicating the broken records.

She said hollowly, "This Diana came from next door and made a perfect fool out of Sylvester. After she came he didn't know I was alive. They danced like two house wreckers, and when I said to kindly stop it, you are waking the baby, Sylvester got in a huff and they went off to a dance hall somewhere." She sat

down and wept again. "They—they left Benny with me. He tried to kiss me, and I threw phonograph records at him, and after a while he left."

"I congratulate you, Miss Fleming," I said. "Far better to discover there is dross in the characters of one's boy friends while there is still time rather than when one has married them!"

"Oh, stop it!" she cried, jumping up. "It's all your fault, anyhow. If you could run your home without bringing in your business, and your business without bringing in your home, I would still have Sylvester—or even Benny!"

And just then the door opened, and it was Rita.

"So you are still here, Miss Fleming. Good!"

"What's good about it?" wailed Miss Fleming. "What's good about anything? I've lost Sylvester—and even Benny."

"Your Mr. Culverhouse is downstairs in the lobby," said Rita. "He is waiting for you to go home. He says he wants to get down on his knees to you. He walked out with Diana, he says, because you were too bossy, and he was sorry the minute the door closed. He only took Diana in for a soda and then sent her home."

"Oh!" Miss Fleming's eyes suddenly looked like stars on a summer night. She laughed shakily. "Wants to get down on his knees, does he? O. K. I hope the lobby floor is made of ice. Good night, folks. You're both just swell. I can only hope that when I have a baby it will be like your little Camilla!" She ran out.

Without a look at me, Rita went into the child's room. I took up the nearest book, something I had picked up in a drugstore.

I WAS deep in this Sexual Life of Savages when Rita came back.

"Have a good time at the night club?" I said, not raising my eyes.

"No!"

"Oh—isn't that too bad!"

"Put down that book, you big stiff!" said my wife.

I did so, but with great dignity.

"How could I enjoy myself at a night club when I left you in the theater looking like a scared mouse?" she said.

I jumped up.

"It was all my fault," she moaned, in my arms, kissing me, after I told her everything. "I balled up everything by bringing Camilla into the picture tonight."

"Don't worry," I said. "I'm not through with Eugene yet. I know Silas has a strangle hold on him, but I'll get that order from him somehow, I'm sure. They can't lick a combination like you and me!"

Cam did not utter a peep the rest of the night, and early in the morning, greatly refreshed by my child's profound slumber, I rushed over to Eugene's hotel. I was there by 7 A. M.

I found him in the restaurant, before some ham and eggs. I blinked at him. He was still in his dinner clothes of the night before.

"Oh, hello! Sit down. Have some breakfast," he said.

"Thanks, Eugene, old man. Look, Eugene. Here's your order made out complete. I don't want to rush you, but I know you're leaving town by the midnight tonight. Same conditions, delivery in sixty, two per cent discount—"

"Have to have better conditions than those," he said, eating easily.

"Better?"

"A lot. Now look. I haven't gone to bed yet. You'd think a man of Silas Crane's years would have sense, wouldn't you? Do you know what he did? Dragged me to four separate night spots last night and ordered champagne in each."

I clucked sympathetically and took out my fountain pen.

EVERY other honey in four choruses left lipstick prints on his bald pate while he said, 'Yippee!' Finally he passed out and I had to take him home and put him to bed—and I just got back to the hotel here!"

I unostentatiously smoothed out the order blank before him.

"No!" he said. "You're every bit as bad as that old coot. Look—I'm a lonely bachelor," he said, "and when I step out of an evening, I don't want to see what passes for bachelor life but to be with nice married people. Like Rita and you, for instance. And what do you two do to me? You take me to a restaurant for dinner, and then to a society murder mystery in Westchester. And all I really want is a home-cooked meal and then a nice domestic evening. You two are just as bad as Silas and I will not give you any of my business."

"You are coming to the house for dinner tonight, Eugene, old boy," I said very rapidly. "We have no maid, but Rita will cook you something with her own hands which you have never tasted the like of. Then—now what do you think of this, Eugene?—you will play pickaback with my little girl Cam!"

Eugene put down his fork. "Pickaback!" he said tremulously. "Why, I haven't played pickaback since my nephew was two!"

"Yes, pickaback!" I said. "Only be sure to wear a hat, as Cam likes to bash in hats when she is riding pickaback. And that's not all, Eugene, old boy. After you play pickaback with her, I'll let you put her to sleep with my wrist watch."

"Hey?"

"You dangle it and dangle it over her mouth, Eugene, and after a while she takes it in her mouth and falls asleep like a top. You never saw anything like it."

"Gosh!" said Eugene. "You'll really let me do that?"

"You and nobody else, Eugene, old boy."

"Gimme the order," he said.

And he grabbed it and signed.

THE END

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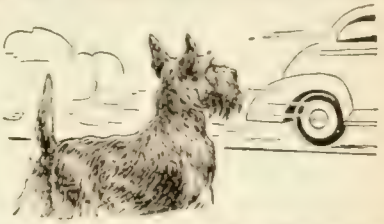

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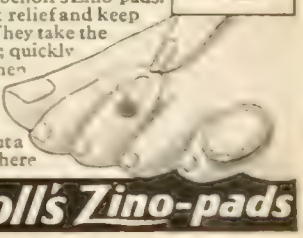

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★ ★ ★ ★ **MEET JOHN DOE**

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, James Gleason, Irving Bacon, Rod La Rocque, Spring Byington, Pierre Watkin, Russell Simpson, Stanley Andrews, Andrew Toombs, Pat Flaherty, Gene Morgan, Mrs. Gardner Crane, Regis Toomey, Ann Doran, Sara Edwards, Aldrich Bowker, Ed Stanley, Ed Hearne, Bennie Bartlett, Bess Flowers, J. Farrell MacDonald, Lafe McKee, Sterling Holloway, Tina Thayer, Charlotte Jelm, Ed McWade, James McNamara, Knox Manning, Gary Owen, Forrester Harvey, Hank Mann, Kenneth Harlan, Bruce Mitchell, Gene Lockhart. Screen play by Robert Riskin from a story by Richard Connell and Robert Presnell. Directed by Frank Capra. Produced by Frank Capra-Warner Brothers. Running time, 135 minutes.

ANY Frank Capra picture is an event. This film magician who came to America as an immigrant boy from Italy, who sold papers on the streets of Los Angeles, has the human touch. His pictures have honesty, directness, the elemental appeal.

This—another collaboration of Capra and scenarist Bob Riskin, based on an old short story by Richard Connell—sets out to tell of one of those unknowns kicked about in the battle of life, just a nameless John Doe who struggles, suffers, and (in Mr. Connell's original) dies in obscurity. Here the John Doe is an ex-big-league pitcher who has lost his control and drifted back to park benches and riding freights. He typifies the meek of the earth rising in rebellion against monotony and obscurity. Here's how it happens: Ann Mitchell, about to be fired by the new proprietor of her newspaper, writes in her daily column of an imaginary letter from a John Doe who says he will jump from the City Hall roof on Christmas Eve as a protest against conditions. The fictitious letter becomes an overnight sensation, Ann is retained to keep the story running. When hundreds of John Does turn up for the scores of jobs that are offered, the daily selects Long John Willoughby, the ex-ballplayer, to be *the* John Doe. John is famous in no time, he even becomes a national figure, but when he slowly comes to realize that he's just a stooge for a circulation stunt, he— But I have promised not to tell what happens.

Let me say that Gary Cooper is Long John, Barbara Stanwyck is the newspaper lassie, Walter Brennan is John's buddy of the hobo jungles, Edward Arnold is the crooked newspaper tycoon, and James Gleason is his hard-boiled editor. A gorgeous cast in an ingenious, absorbing story. Underneath is a terrifying thought—of the dynamite in the hands of an unscrupulous newspaper owner.

VITAL STATISTICS: After he finished Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Frank Capra didn't know what he'd do next. Thought seriously of filming Don Quixote, then Bob Riskin remembered a short story by Richard Connell he had read twenty years ago in Century Magazine. It was called A Reputation. Jo Swerling had done a treatment under the title of The Life and Death of John Doe, Robert Presnell had worked on it. Here it is, after twenty years. . . . Director Capra and writer Bob Riskin worked together on eight films, most of them hits. So they decided to gamble, pooled their resources, financial and mental, and this is the first result of the new organization. Capra and Riskin say they have one rule: Never a villain in any of their film stories, no man you love to hate. The conflict and the clash must come from a battle of ideas, not individuals. . . . During the shooting Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan, bewhiskered and garbed as hobos, quit the Warner lot to get a quick soda. When they tried to get back they told the studio cop who they were. The cop said he was Errol Flynn. Took ten minutes for them to convince him. . . . Barbara Stanwyck had only appeared in two pictures, poor ones at that, when Capra selected her for Ladies of Leisure. That was 1930. That film made the ex-dancer from Brooklyn famous. Barbara has played in five Capra films altogether. . . . Edward Arnold and Rod La Rocque met on the set for the first time in sixteen years. They once worked together at the old Essanay studios in Chicago. . . . Gary Cooper sings for the first time in any film, in case you care. . . . There are 137 speaking parts, over a thousand extras in one sequence which took ten days to shoot. Seventy-five thousand day checks were paid to extras during production, a record for the year. Two hundred plumbers under direction of Rain Maker William Erbs kept the rain falling steadily for eight nights at Wrigley Field. Capra shot the

ara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper in the Frank Capra triumph, Meet John Doe.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

last scene on the exact location site in Griffith Park where he made his first picture fifteen years ago. That's sentiment, or somethin'.

★★½ STRAWBERRY BLONDE

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth, Alan Hale, Jack Carson, George Tobias, Una O'Connor, George Reeves, Lucille Fairbanks, Edward McNamara, Helen Lynd, Herbert Heywood. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein from a play by James Hagan. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 97 minutes.

NOW that the war has made tough bad boys of today seem pikers, Jimmy Cagney goes a bit historical and does an ornery lad of the '90s. Girl-shy Biff Grimes has the handicap of a barfly father but he also has his dreams. He wants to be a dentist and he subscribes to a correspondence course in molar massacre. Biff has a slicker friend, one Hugo Barnstead, who steals the would-be dentist's dream girl, the strawberry blonde of the neighborhood, gets him involved in a crooked business deal, lets him take the prison rap. Biff serves his five years in a couple of celluloid flashes—and comes out to find the faithful little Amy Lind, who has loved him all along, waiting devotedly for him.

There are passing references to bloomer girls and suffragettes, romance moves from croquet to giddy abandon in a surrey behind a plodding horse, barbershop quartets sing cheery melodies of the era when America was getting into its first long trousers.

Jimmy Cagney isn't at his best as the Mauve Decade bad boy, Olivia de Havilland makes a sweet Amy, Rita Hayworth walks coyly past the whistling boys of the corner café as the strawberry blonde—and also walks off with the picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: This had tribulations in casting. Ann Sheridan originally was scheduled for the role now played by Rita Hayworth. When Ann went on strike for more money (she wants double the $600 a week she has been getting, it is whispered), the Warners surprised every one by borrowing Rita from Columbia. Even Columbia was surprised. Hadn't suspected Rita's ability. . . . Rita, by the way, is a daughter of the Cansinos, one-time dancing stars of the varieties. Danced on the stage herself, made her debut in films as a dancer in Dante's Inferno. She is five feet four, weighs 118, hazel eyes. . . . George Tobias says he's a thwarted cowboy at heart. His tragedy is that he was born in Brooklyn instead of the great open places. Makes up for it by riding his own cow ponies for fun. Can rope, throw, and tie a calf in twenty seconds flat. Tobias made his debut in the Provincetown Players' production of The Hairy Ape. . . . Jack Carson has one record: He's appeared in eight Ginger Rogers films.

Short Review:

★ **HONEYMOON FOR THREE** (Warners). Two women after the same man. He is an author-lecturer on tour; one of the women is his flip secretary, the other is an ex-flame now married but imagining herself to be the heroine of all his romances. Even George Brent as the best-seller novelist and Ann Oomph Sheridan as the secretary can't help this much. Just a minor opus. (75 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again.

★★★—Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners.

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Through Hell o

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

October 10.

DOWN for lunch, but I don't want it. I am as hungry as the rest of them, and this job does make you hungry, but I'm too excited. We had a kind of chase-me-Charley scramble with some Huns early this morning. The blighters are trying out new tactics. We were on patrol at about 25,000, when eight of them opened fire at about 1,000 yards. They split up and started going around in a wide circle and taking pot shots at us and playing hide-and-seek in and out of the clouds. The Old Man gave us the word to break up, and he and I and one of the new fellows picked out the nearest and decided to show him we weren't playing that kind of game. He didn't wait, however, and he went down in a vertical before we could give him anything. The others kept well out of range.

They are not very bold bandits these days. Suppose they are acting on instructions, but they'll have to do something better than this. You can't fly around playing Indians and do anything worth while. I think we really have got them scared. Willson told me yesterday he thinks they're waiting until they get a new plane into production that will fly higher and faster than ours. He says we will beat them to it. We've got something coming that will make a Spitfire look like a tortoise. Anyhow, these fellows gave us the air all to ourselves, so the Old Man called us off.

"By the way, Ken," he said suddenly, "your leave's come through. Thought you'd like to know. Have a good time." That's just like him. I felt pretty good about it. And that's why I can't write any more today. I'm all packed up again and waiting for the car to take me downtown.

October 13.

I've just realized the nuisance value of the air raids. I was just going off when the Hun came over and started fooling around our station again. I got so mad, but there was nothing to do about it except wait, and now here I am, miles away from everywhere, in the country at Henley. It's a grand spot.

I'm not superstitious, but I'm glad Saturday was the twelfth and not today. It wouldn't have been lucky to get married on the thirteenth but I'd have risked it anyhow. So here we are, married, and having a wonderful time—but then, I suppose everybody does. I got the idea all at once. I suppose this intercepting business must make you think quickly. On the way to town I stopped off and telephoned Viola. She was in bed, of course. I don't know what I said, quite, but I'll always remember her answering, "Yes, Ken, I think I can arrange it, but what will your mother say?"

I told her to rush round and get the license and leave mother to me. Then I wired mother, and she came up for the show, which went off like a pay parade. We just managed to squeeze it in between two alarms. They didn't drop anything near, though, but I admit I felt a bit funny. We went to the Dorchester for lunch—just mother, Viola, and me. I'm sure nobody guessed what was in the wind. Ma stood us a bottle of champagne and it went to our heads. We all started laughing about nothing. I suppose that's how these things do get you. Afterward we drove down here. There was an alarm on the way, but I wasn't stopping. So here I am. I'm married now. I've got what I want and I'm feeling good.

Funny thing about getting married. It's made me think quite a lot. We did the trick at a registry office, which wasn't exactly what I intended, a bit too prosaic and businesslike, but it all fitted in with the war set-up. Today we went to morning service at the parish church here. It's a wonderful old place, built by the Normans. I got a queer sensation being there and remembering that this kind of thing had been going on for all these years. It's kind of wrapped up in the fabric of England and I don't think anything will ever change it.

It did me good to see the choir kids in their starched surplices, and to smell the flowers and join in the hymns, the kind of change you want after having led the kind of life I have for a year. Afterward we had lunch at the Angel and cracked another bottle of champagne, and then we took the bus up the Chilterns to Fawley to see Viola's Uncle Ralph.

We walked home through Stonor Park. The weather was so warm that we sat on the stile that leads to the Fair Mile and sunned ourselves. While we were there a couple of kids came up with a mongrel dog. One of them asked me if I was a pilot and had fought the Germans. I made a bit of a mess answering because he was so direct—but I made him understand, and he just said, "Oo, mister, ain't you lucky!" Then the other, a freckled little imp with a cockney accent, asked me if I wasn't afraid of getting killed. Before I could answer, the other said, "Course he ain't, chum—he's an Englishman, not a blinking German. . . . Englishmen is never frightened."

Viola got a bit pale. She held my hand tightly as we walked home. Am

lings

A stirring, tragic curtain falls on a flaming human document out of the war

THE DIARY OF AN R. A. F. PILOT

They dropped a big one smack on the hotel. It wasn't a panic—just a little pandemonium.

EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

I more frightened of being killed than I was before? Perhaps I shouldn't have got married. Perhaps I ought to have waited till this blitz business was over. Anything might happen. But why should I wait? After all, if we hung up our hopes waiting for "that man," everything would just stop. Already I feel that getting married has done me good, and if I do get knocked off—well, at least I shall have lived. That's what we were born for, to live, and that is what we are fighting for; and what's the good of living if you cannot live the way you want to? A thought—"There is not enough darkness in the whole world to extinguish the light of a small candle," so why be afraid of the dark? Why be afraid of anything?

Death doesn't really matter. It is not how one dies that matters, but what one dies for. Have Brian, O'Dowd, and Mary Waters given their lives for nothing?

October 19.

I am a chump. I ought to be kicked round the house. I'm about as intelligent as a child of six. I don't ever know when I'm well off. You see, I thought Viola was getting bored with the country and suggested we should go back to town for a binge, with dinner at the Savoy, a hop at the Cocoanut Grove, and a good old run-round—just to celebrate our wedding. She fell for it too, or at least she said she did. Suppose, really, she wanted to do whatever I did. So we went up by the four-o'clock train. Quite frankly I think I'd forgotten there was a war on in London. Even when we bumped into a raid alarm about five thirty it didn't seem worth worrying about.

I was a bit peeved when we couldn't get a room at the Dorchester. They said we couldn't have one for love or money. Apparently the place is fashioned as a shelter, and all the rich people for miles around book up just for the privilege of sharing their shelter with some of the big bugs who frequent the place.

We fixed up at a place around the corner and went to Scott's for a cocktail. The place was crowded just like old times, and afterward we had a darned good dinner at the ——. Half a dinner, anyhow, for the warning went, and just as we were making up our minds to go, they dropped a big one right smack on the hotel. The whole place shivered and the jolly old ceiling all landed in my roast duck—my first thought was that I wished I had finished it. You couldn't see yourself for dust, even though I swallowed most of it, and then some idiot lost his head and jumped for the door. He landed full on our table and turned it over. I saw red and landed out, as he fell right in Viola's lap. There was a woman following him, and we were all on the floor. It wasn't a panic—just a little pandemonium—some women began to squeal, and then all at once everything was quiet again.

The fellow who bust my table sat up and stared at me a bit stupidly, wiping my duck off his shirt. He looked so damned ridiculous that I had to laugh, and he grinned and apologized. He helped Viola up, and I grabbed his wife by the arm, and he made some stupid remark. I was still angry, though, so I asked him what he was in such a hurry for. He said, "Well, I suppose I've lost my nerve . . . they bombed our home last night and killed my brother. I'm awfully sorry for being such a twit. Have a cigarette?"

I felt a bit of a worm, and I was just trying to make up my mind what to say when another bomb came and the wall at the other end of the room caved in. The lights went out. I grabbed Viola and threw her on the floor. Presently she whispered, "Is that you, darling? I want to be sure," and she kissed me. . . . We stayed put till some one found a torch, and then we picked our way through the mess to the shelter downstairs. Viola wanted to fetch her furs from the cloakroom but I wouldn't let her. About half an hour later the all-clear went.

Nothing would suit Viola afterward but that we should go on to *her* night club. I didn't want to, but she seemed to be set on it, and off we went. We were hardly in the cab before the bally alarm went again. The driver wasn't a sport. He said he wouldn't go farther; and so out we had to get again. It was hellishly dark in Regent Street, and there were masses of rubble and muck, and before we could say anything, a fellow in a white tin hat had bundled us into a shelter. Phew! What a place, too! It stank like the breath of hell, and we were all jammed up like a tube train in the rush hour. We had no choice but to go, because the people behind pushed us in, and once we were in we couldn't move.

I got my arms right round Viola's waist and held tight. I could hear her dress tearing as it got caught under some one's feet. And there we stood—it was as horrid a mess as I've ever been in. You could cut the air with a knife, and the people were beastly. There was a drunk somewhere near who kept coughing and yelling, and a woman who was swearing all the foul language you could imagine. We stuck it a while and then decided to go out, but it was one thing to decide, and another thing to be able to move.

We made ourselves a bit unpopular but we got near the door, when there was a *wumph* outside, the worst kind, and an awful rumble, as if some one had emptied a cart of bricks. They had—the whole building across the road had gone up, and come down on our doorstep. A fellow came running downstairs all black and grimy. He

stuck his face inside for a minute and grinned. "It's all right—just a few bricks. 'Fraid you'll have to stay awhile, though, till we clear it up."

The woman next to me groaned and fainted, but she couldn't fall down, and we couldn't do anything. Presently she was sick. All I could feel was Viola touching my hand now and then, just to signal she was all right. But it came to me that I was getting the best of the war, having something to do. I couldn't stand the shelter business overnight. Then a man started to babble, and some one hit him and he stopped. I don't know how long it was before the all-clear went, but it was five o'clock before we got back to Marble Arch, and then they wouldn't let us go back to our hotel. A time bomb had dropped in the street outside.

So we went back by train as we were, looking and feeling like hell. Mother was waiting at Henley. She had come over for lunch, and looked worried.

After that we have decided to spend the rest of our honeymoon leave in the country.

What am I going back to I wonder. Hell in the heavens is how some newspaper fellow described it. They're all expecting the big show next week. Jerry must have a crack before the weather breaks, so it looks as if I'll be in time for it. I'm wondering how good I'll be. I woke up this morning and panicked. Supposing I'd forgotten how to fly. I may have. Supposing my eye has got out. You never know. Well, here's hoping everything's O. K.

October 27.

I AM back again, and if you had told me I should have been writing this as a squadron leader, I would never have believed it. They gave me an extra day of leave to go to Buckingham Palace to get my riband. We had the show during an air raid, but everything carried on. It was a grand business—quite simple and no fuss. I was scared stiff. There was really nothing to be frightened about, and the King in our uniform was wonderful and friendly. The Queen has a lovely smile. They're a great couple, and I can understand why they are so popular. Mother and Viola came too, and when we drove away in the taxi they both kissed me. Mother cried a bit—I suppose she was thinking of when she went to the palace with dad to get his. But she was soon smiling again, and we all went to the Ritz for lunch.

They have a swell dugout restaurant that was packed, as usual, but we had a wonderful time. Mother insisted on standing us a bottle of champagne, and on the strength of it I fixed up for Viola to go and stay with her in the country. I felt happier about that. I couldn't carry on with her in Mayfair with all that stuff flying round. I could see she didn't want to go, but she smiled and said, "All right, Ken. I'll be a good soldier and do as I'm told." As soon as I can I'll arrange for her to come and live out here; several of the chaps have their wives near, and now I'm the "Old Man" I suppose it'll be easy. Me the Old Man! It doesn't feel right, but there it is, and I'll be rich too. I reckon I can save £400 a year if I'm careful.

I don't mind telling you I feel quite a stranger, for most of the fellows are new. The Barber nearly kissed me when I came back. Willson has been awfully decent. He kind of put me through my paces in my new job, and then wished me luck.

We took the early patrol yesterday, and I don't mind saying it was grand to be back. We had a walk-over as far as the Huns were concerned—just one miserable Heinkel that had lost his escort. There were three alarms and nothing much doing. The old place has altered a bit. They've built a lot of new defenses, and we have two night fighter squadrons on the station . . . they've got a rotten job. Marston, whose place I took, has gone to take charge of one of them. He's peeved at losing the squadron—for he's been with it five years; but he says it's all in the game.

I can understand how it feels to leave a mob you've been with, especially with a record like that. He's already shot down two four-engined Dorniers since he's been on the job, but he says there's not half the thrill there was in day patrol. And you know I never thought he would use such a word as thrill? I got a bit of a shock when Willson told me he was only twenty-seven—thought he was much older. I suppose the other fellows will think I'm an old bird now. Anyhow, I hope I can lead them as Marston did.

I'm sorry for the Barber. They ought to make him a flight commander, but they can't. His English is worse and worse so we can hardly understand him, and he'd be useless for giving instructions. The trouble is that he's found a French girl in the village, and so he's not bothering with his English. He's a grand fighter. The day before I came back, he rammed an M.E.-110 and brought it down, and then bailed out safely. How he got to it, I can't imagine—for his wing was shot right off, but he just opened up and smashed into it, and came out like a luck charm.

Good old Barber. A Flight has a pretty good bunch now: Mickey Finn, who's an Australian and used to be a boxer, Larry MacKenzie from South Africa, and Pat MacEvoy whom I suspect of being an American. He was shooting the Italians out of the sky in Spain, flying a Russian single-seater with five guns. He got shot down over France and was interned, but he managed to turn up here, and they gave him a course at C. F. S., and he's already had three down.

TWO weeks is a long time to be away in war—so much has happened. The whole thing has changed, and I'm changed. The first time I buttoned up as a married man I felt grand—nothing could get me, and so I went in full of beans. It was funny to hear Larry ticking me off in a friendly way for taking risks—as if I would. Larry was working over Dunkirk, so he feels qualified.

October 29.

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! And so to work we go. And some work, too. If I said I had been busy I would not be exaggerating, for since I've been back I've hardly had time to do anything or even to write. Being an Old Man has its responsibilities.

Funny, how you see things in a new light. In the last war they didn't let squadron leaders fly, so it was just a responsible job without the action side, and it must have been pretty dull. I should hate to have to ask fellows to do what I wasn't doing myself. I've been lucky, for we haven't lost any one yet—five machines against about fifteen Huns, and all our men safe.

The Barber is the pink limit. He says he's going to volunteer to train parachute troops for the next war. His last exploit was to land smack on a chimney of a ruined house. The chimney was the only thing standing, and he plomped right down on it. They got the fire brigade out to bring him down, but as the fellow was coming up the ladder the Barber heard a cat meowing somewhere. It was down the chimney. So he stuck his hand in, then his head, and got well scratched for his pains, but we've got a new pet, Smoky, a blue Persian cat.

You should have seen the Barber's sooty face when he came back. He wouldn't rest until he had washed Smoky. We borrowed some soap flakes from the girls' quarters and

YANKEE PILOT

The true experiences of an American serving with the Royal Air Force

As told by him to

Robert Low

"This is the saga of two men's adventures as soldiers of fortune in the cause of international decency. You will relish the story of what the Yankee airman saw of the Battle of France, of his arrival in England, and how he scrambled into the R. A. F., to take a real part in defending the outposts of democracy.

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IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

then the fun began. Smoky just didn't appreciate cleanliness. And he shrank so much that he looked more like a rat than a cat. He slipped out of our hands and played merry hell with the hut. Finally we got him back in the tub and rinsed him out. Now he looks fine. He's so attached to the Barber that I'll have to watch he doesn't take him up with him. The Barber seems to think the wretched animal is a heaven-sent mascot. He brings him to mess, and lets him sleep on his bed. Poor lonely old Barber.

Viola writes every day, and never a word of complaint. How she's enduring life in the country I can't imagine. She and mother have joined some knitting party or other for the navy and they go every afternoon. Rosalie has been down to stay with them. I had a letter from her. She's a grand kid too, with plenty of spirit. She'll get over O'Dowd. I can't quite understand her outlook, but it seems that she's determined to be a real woman and make some man happy as far as she can; and that is the spirit of course. Suppose the time has gone when a woman can sit down and mourn. Wonder what Viola would do if I went out. I wouldn't like her to spend all the rest of her life alone.

YESTERDAY morning we had a scramble—we got caught by over 100 M.E.-110s, the yellow-nosed blighters; and, believe it or not, they bunked when they could have wiped us out. B Flight lost a man, and Larry got back with half a tail. I wanted to go up again, but they wouldn't let me.

There's a good story going round the mess. I don't know how true it is, but it sounds grand. One of the squadrons lost a pilot at Sedan—that's a long time ago. He was given up for lost, and now he's turned up at the mess—he actually flew from an airdrome in France in a Messerschmitt 109. The funny part was that he was wearing a woman's mink coat and a pair of pink underpants, which was the best kind of uniform he could manage. He insisted on going to the club like that, and of course they had a hell of a crack about it.

October 30.

This morning we got our hundredth Boche, which is not so bad. Larry finished it off after I had run out of ammunition. Had a very close shave too—a shell burst my cooling system and I'd got my mask open, so I swallowed plenty of fumes. About the stupidest thing one can do. I got down in a field about ten miles from home, but I was all in. Funny thing, though. I landed, and hadn't noticed she was cooking. An incendiary bullet had lodged up in the tail somewhere and she was burning like a ruddy cigarette, so it's a good thing I got one up my end, after all.

Going back to the station, I began to think a bit. It's not so pleasant to be shot down when you're a married man. There's the paradox in life: as a fighting machine, you feel a hundred times better—I know I'm a better brain now. But when you get the knocks, they go deeper. So few of our fellows are married, but they've all got girls, and serious about them too. . . . Why worry, anyhow!

Had a second call this afternoon. I think every bally squadron in the station went up. The Hun came over like a swarm of flies—three swarms in fact. It was as bad as the September 15 show. One of our Hurricane squadrons got it pretty badly. We had a rough time too—two of the new chaps got theirs and didn't bail out. Larry did. MacEvoy saved my bacon. He'd just got there too late to keep an M.E.-110 off Larry's tail, and I was going to have a shot, when I saw there were three blighters after me, coming right down like stinko.

I pulled her up, but they got the greenhouse glass, and smashed the mirror.

Then I saw Mac—he missed me by a foot as I rolled out to clean up—and he got two of them with full bursts so close in that the pilots hadn't a chance. One came out of his machine as if he'd been on springs, and his parachute came out after him like a parcel. Suppose Mac's squirt had cut the harness or something. The other fellow dived down, and I went after him. We were hedge-hopping. He seemed a bit faster than I and was zigzagging in those queer flat turns the C.E.s put up. I didn't know what to do about it, because he was too near the ground to be shot up, and I was afraid we might both run into a machine-gun burst from the ground. I gave him what I could, but it didn't seem to have any effect, when suddenly he pulled up, and zoomed to 200—just like that.

I went upstairs after him, but then he turned over on his back and spun down, out of control. I saw him hit a field nearly in the middle of a herd of cows, and that was that. Suppose that he lost his head—poor devil.

Now I'm going to write to Viola and turn in. I'm tired. The jolly old radio is playing "It's a lovely day tomorrow—tomorrow is a lovely day . . ." I believe that. I'll go to the flicks with the boys—we've got to stick together—and next weekend I've got twenty-four hours' leave. Hell to Hitler! . . .

October 31.

WE got three Huns yesterday and lost four planes! Life's getting tougher—but so are we. We can take it and we can give it. And when the balloon does go up, we'll burst it for sure. . . .

Hello. . . . They're coming again . . . the old loud-speaker is blaring, "Enemy aircraft approaching. Intercept." So off we go again. . . .

November 1—The Times: "Killed in action while defending his country, Squadron Leader Kenneth ——, D. F. C. and bar. *Per ardua ad astra.*"

THE END

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?... IT'S SPRING AND HIS RADIATOR NEEDS SANI-FLUSH

Don't wait for car radiators to overheat, and cause expensive damage. Clean out rust, sludge and scale. It's easy with 10c worth of Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR

Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp and see the difference, *feel* the results. Let Vitabrush, the new electric driven scalp brush, answer your hair worries in a sensible, positive way. 5000 stimulating, vitalizing strokes per minute. Use Vitabrush only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Recommended by scalp authorities. Available in several models. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write now for full information including details of special money-back trial offer.

HERSHEY MFG. CO., 163 S. La Salle St., Chicago

Germany's Secret Plans for Invading England

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

A MELODRAMATIC story lies behind the publication in next week's Liberty of an article by Mr. Wythe Williams, purporting to reveal in detail the full co-ordinated plan of the German army, navy, and air force for the invasion of England.

By the time this remarkable disclosure reaches your newsstand the facts in it may already be outdated; the plans so boldly set forth by Mr. Williams may be under way. Barges, tanks, bombers, gas—all may be at work to crush the long and heroic English resistance in one final and overwhelming attack. If that comes to be, if history runs ahead of prophecy, we may be certain that the British will be there fighting as only warriors inspired by a fierce love of homeland can fight to beat off invaders.

On the other hand, the onslaught may be delayed, deferred, or never attempted. Whatever shall come to pass in this fateful spring of 1941, you are going to have a full account of what the Germans meant to do. I am not permitted to tell the strange and devious route by which these reports, made by chiefs of the German General Staff and intended for Hitler's eyes, will be spread before your own eyes a week from now.

How Mr. Williams obtained this material is his own secret. There are few intelligent Americans who are not already aware of Wythe Williams' fantastic record for accurate prognostication in this war. Time and again he has called, in advance, the turn on European events. But never in his long record of notable scoops has Mr. Williams given to the American public such an extraordinary feature as the one you will read in Liberty next week. So complete are the facts which he sets forth, the whole co-ordinated strategy of German military minds laid bare before the battle begins, that one *must* ask questions.

WHAT IS BEHIND Mr. Williams' unparalleled achievement? Was it really a leak from sources never suspected within the German Reich? The desperate treachery of some peace party member unknown to any agent of the Gestapo? Or is it, perhaps, a plant? Did the Germans craftily arrange to have these papers fall into the hands of Mr. Williams, hoping that he would get them published? Why? Because, perhaps, they wanted to frighten Americans from giving too much help to Britain? Who can tell! Certainly not Mr. Williams nor any one else from whom the truth can be expected.

Whatever the true inwardness may be, the set-up, as disclosed by Mr. Williams from secret documents that came into his hands, cannot possibly be regarded as a hoax. It is not what newspapermen call "a dope story," made up of speculations, guesses, and wishful thinking. Here is a military report quite obviously founded on realities. The papers available to Mr. Williams in the preparation of these articles were encyclopedic; they constituted a treasury of facts about the resources of the German military machine and the ways in which those resources would be used.

Some one who read these documents said, "These facts should not be printed. They are too disheartening." With this judgment we disagree. If these are the facts, we believe the American public is adult enough to look them in the face, appraise them at their full value, and go serenely on their appointed way. They can no more be frightened by facts than by phantoms and bogie-men. With this confidence in the stability and maturity of the American mind, we present one of the most remarkable features ever printed by any magazine—Germany's Secret Plans for Invading England, by Wythe Williams, in Liberty next week.

WHY DID CHARLES BOYER keep his hand under the bed sheet when he was dying in All This, and Heaven Too? If this question sounds frivolous, let me remind you that we need frivolity and gaiety these days. We must not dwell too much on matters like Germany's Secret Plans for Invading England. So, for frivolity and gaiety, we take you in an article next week to Hollywood. The author is Perc Westmore, make-up expert of the cinema capital. He calls his piece Grease-Paint Apollos. If a male star happens to lack hirsute adornment on his chest and that chest is to be exposed in a picture to the gaze of the multitude, Mr. Westmore can arrange matters. He can really put hair on your chest. He can make men beautiful—that's his business, and he tells all about it in this revealing and astonishingly courageous article.

And then there is a piece about the quintuplets, now six years old. You will see their first autographed photograph on the cover next week and you can read an article by Dr. Dafoe telling just how they are growing up. Your old friend General Robert Lee Bullard has an Army Quiz. "Yankee Stade" looks over the baseball rookie crop for 1941. As for short stories, let me heartily recommend Rich Again, by Edward Doherty, and Two Can Live, by Margaret Lee Runbeck. Nilla Cram Cook, Liberty's correspondent in Istanbul, sends some advice from Turkey to the United States, the burden of which is, Keep out of the war. These, with all the departments and with generous installments of the Dodd diary, Girl Sticks Out Neck, and Yankee Eagle Over London, make up an issue which I do hope you won't want to miss.

SALMAGUNDI: Have you heard of the R. A. F. Benevolent Fund? You remember what Winston Churchill said about the R. A. F. —"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." The Benevolent Fund was organized to relieve distress among the dependents of the men of the R. A. F. Now an American branch of this fund has been established, with headquarters at 515 Madison Avenue, New York City. This organization is not one of those professional fund affairs, with salaries to organizers. All services are voluntary, with no "cut" to those doing the work. The chairman is Colby M. Chester, chairman of the Board of General Foods, and his fellow trustees are all eminent Americans. They are working for orphans, dependents, and the disabled of the R. A. F. Let's give them a lift. . . . Here's a funny one: A well known American detective-story writer received a letter from his English agent in London saying, "There is a possibility that the Swiss publication house of —— would be ready to acquire the German translation rights of your latest novel. Are they available?" Well, well, that is business as usual with a vengeance!

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY DAVID BERGER

No car has ever carried the Ford idea quite so far

THE FORD BUSINESS started as a man and an idea. Today, on River Rouge, thousands of well-paid Ford workers wield the tools and vast resources of one of the greatest of all industrial plants. Here we build cars in what is known as "the Ford way."

It is a way of great efficiency, in a plant so complete that raw ore may find itself a precision-finished fine steel part in a new Ford car in as little time as 28 hours from start to finish! And the economies we make along the way are passed along to you who buy our cars.

It is a way of quality, producing many *extra*-fine materials which are built into your Ford car at no extra cost to you.

It is a way in which we take one small profit on each car, so that more of the price you pay goes into the *car* you drive.

At your Ford dealer's now is a car that shows the benefits to you of this Ford way as no car we've ever made before has done. It is the product of our 39th car-building year. Behind it are over 28 million Ford cars.

Its size, comfort, quietness, beauty and driving ease surpass anything *we* have done before. How it compares with what others do, we leave to your own judgment.

We know that we have built it to stand out, and its owners tell us that it does.

Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies of the big 1941 Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs and improved shock absorbers.

GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY. The Ford engine leads the low-price field in horsepower. It holds many records for economy as well as for performance.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field. 12-inch drums. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!

Ford

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR

AND

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested — less than any of them — according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

AMERICA'S No. 1 SKIER DICK DURRANCE VS. THE STOP-WATCH AT SUN VALLEY

He's a little man to look at—but on a pair of "hickories" he's a mighty giant. Records? It's easier to count the few he *hasn't* won. At one time or another he's held virtually every major down-hill and slalom title in North America. He smokes . . . as much as he likes . . . but note: He smokes the slower-burning cigarette that gives extra mildness and less nicotine in the smoke.

AT THE ROUNDHOUSE high on Sun Valley's Baldy Mountain, Dick Durrance *(above)* takes time out for another Camel. "That Camel flavor is something special," he says. "Always hits the spot."

And the answer is Camel's costlier tobaccos in a matchless blend—they're *slower-burning!* (See below.)

Try the slower-burning cigarette yourself. Know the supreme pleasure of a smoke free from the excess heat and irritating qualities of too-fast burning . . . extra cool, extra mild. Enjoy every flavorful puff with the comforting assurance of science that in Camels you're getting less nicotine in the smoke *(above, right).*

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to **5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

FIVE of the largest-selling cigarettes . . . the brands most of you probably smoke right now . . . were analyzed and compared by tests of the smoke itself. For, after all, it's what you get in the smoke that interests you . . . the smoke's the thing.

And over and over again the smoke of the slower-burning brand . . . Camel . . . was found to contain less nicotine. Another triumph for slower burning! Another reason for Camel's front-line position in the cigarette field!

Science could tell you other equally important advantages of slower burning, but try Camels. Smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

For convenience—for economy—get *your* Camels by the carton.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL— THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE